



VIEWPOINT

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HAPPY NEW SEMESTER

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VIEWPOINT is a fortnightly publication at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is an informal journal of opinion, and welcomes contributions from students, faculty, and administration. Poetry, criticism, essays, commentary and short stories are all welcome, so long as each contribution expresses a reflective point of view. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication. The editors assume no responsibility for articles other than their own; neither do the articles herein necessarily reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

A POEM in dedication to Bob Sanderson

By Bob Bardeen

what can a man say
 when another brother dies...
what can a man do
 when he loses a friend,
 that breathed,
 that felt,
 that shared
 the world with others...
how is a man to act
 when he hears of what happened...

you can cry.
 you can die along with him.
 you can mourn in grief.

but, for me, I did not lose Bob.
 I gained the memory of Bob...
 and that will last for a lifetime.

You see,
 for me, Bob represents a symbol for
 the ministry,
 where a man decides
 for himself,
to live the joy and victory of Jesus;
 where a man decides
 for himself,
to accept the present and the future
 as a part of his life for Jesus.

Abundancing

Abundancing is synergy.
"We two form a multitude."
Loaves and fishes made a banquet.
Scarcity is silenced.

Abundancing is not parsing the Real.
An equation: $1+1=n$.
The Whole surpasses intergers in sequence.
Love is curved lide space.

Wine abundances cups.
Kenosis is pleroma.
Bread is flesh.
Feed me.

Languaging

The vocabularies of oppression and liberation
Contend for my consciousness.
Fugue and counterfugue,
Diction and contradiction,
Struggle to pronounce me in my world.

Languaging is the spokenness of happening,
Logos enfleshed,
Dabar filling the boid with
"I will be who I will be."
Languaging is the new reality becoming
A matrix of eloquence for man.

Liberation is syntax,
Unravelling the long sentence from Babel,
To Pentecost.

These two poems were written by Bruce O. Boston, teaching fellow and graduate of
Muskingum College and PTS.

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A STATEMENT OF CONVICTION FROM THE STUDENT-FACULTY COMMITTEE
ON MORATORIA AND SOCIAL CONCERNS

It is our conviction that continued prosecution of the war in Vietnam by the
United States government in support of a dictatorial and unrepresentative regime is
morally indefensible, and is leading to increasingly serious consequences politically
and diplomatically.

Among these consequences is the disruption of programs for improvement in the
economic, educational, physical, and social situation of the people in America and
abroad; increased costs of living. Educational programs, both public and private, are
adversly affected by decreased government support, and scholarship assistance for needy
young people has been cut. Health services and research have been adversely affected.
Income maintainance provisions and other services for the poor have been reduced.
All of this has been taking place at a time when more than arrest of deterioration
in the quality of life is necessary; when the life situations of large numbers of
Americans demand, and the potential resources of our country make possible, improvement
rather than deterioration.

A vague statement of intention of American withdrawal by some undefined date is no longer responsive to the situation. The immorality of continued military engagement and the urgent necessity of a reordering of national priorities for improvement in the human condition demands immediate change.

In light of the above factors, we have come to the conclusion that all American soldiers must immediately be withdrawn from Vietnam. Provisions must include, without creating any unnecessary delay, safeguards for the safe evacuation of our troops and the arrangements for financial aid and support to civilians, including settlement abroad, for those Vietnamese who fear reprisal. (One committee member has taken exception to the wording of this paragraph)

We make the above statement as Christians and as members of the Princeton Theological Seminary Community. We hope that our colleagues will join us in it. At the same time, we are concerned about the ways in which the Seminary as an institution is involved, as we all are, with the economic and political powers that sustain this war and the social injustices which flourish in the conditions it creates. A theological seminary should be a place where free search for truth prevails and where neither minorities or majorities are made part of activities against their conscience. Its one commitment should be to the discovery of and faithful obedience to the word of God for our time.

We therefore propose a self-examination by this Seminary of its actual involvement, not only with the Vietnam war but with the struggle for racial justice in this country and the forces that hinder it, and with the forces which oppose and which favor the free development of the poorer peoples of the world. This would include an examination of the image projected by the Seminary as it influences the public opinion of the Church on the relation between Christian faith and social justice and peace.

Specifically, this would include:

- a) An examination of the way in which the Seminary's stewardship of its funds - its operating budget and its investments - affects the situation described above.
- b) An examination of the way in which the action or inaction of the members of the Seminary community in their involvement with finances, selective service, political choices, preaching and teaching, etc., affects the situation. This would include all those concerned with the Seminary.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE VIEWPOINT TASK FORCE ON PRIORITIES

We commend the President's Moratorium Committee for its statement regarding the stewardship of the Seminary's finances. We feel that this initiative is timely and appropriate in light of the contemporary social and political situation. We hope that they will continue to pursue this concern.

The Seminary's Christian commitment demands that it examine certain specific areas in which the Seminary is involved, such as foreign and military investments. The pursuit of these concerns requires an examination of the Trustees, the Treasurer (Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.), the Seminary's investment portfolio, and its relationship to the investment policy of the United Presbyterian Church.

In light of this commitment, we call upon the Seminary to make available the investment portfolio and other pertinent information in order to facilitate the involvement of the whole community. Students have met some difficulties in obtaining this information in the past.

Bruce Cameron

Jim Cubie

Hans Vogelaar

Galen Yoder

The Struggle

Lisa Zobian *

And when

i open

my eyes, again,

what will i see?

What color

will the world be?

When my vision clears

(or is it too clear now?)

...when my vision clears

will i want to see?

God,

what is it You have made us?

Wise and yet naive,

Sensitive and yet emotional;

Altogether

Unable

to cope with our gifts.

* Lisa is the faculty secretary, a graduate of Vernon Court Jr. College

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A REPORT TO ALL STUDENTS: FROM THE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

A. CONCERNING THE DINING HALL -

1. The present system of signing names is not working out as well as expected. A new method is being considered and will be instituted.
2. The freedom of unlimited beverages is being mis-used. Some students are taking no beverages at check-out, thus having enough 'credit' for double portions of the main dish, and then coming back for the beverage. The Committee suggests that the proper amount of main dish, plus the desired beverage be taken at the beginning to allow for accurate bookkeeping, and safe-guard the freedom of unlimited beverages.

B. CONCERNING HOUSING -

1. The policy of Married Student's Housing is on pages 166-7 in the New Handbook.
2. Students who are planning to get married and will need housing will benefit by seeing Mr. Reed as soon as possible. (Note the Quota System on p. 166.)
3. The housing cost for female visitors in Tennant is still one dollar a night.
4. Because of the schedule of the Continuing Education program there will be no more room for visiting parents in the Campus Center
5. A note on Housing in Princeton: a new Open House policy just came into effect.
6. Tennent Hall: the future of this building as a dormitory for single women is currently under review.

C. CONCERNING REGISTRATION -

- 1. Registration procedure is being investigated by the Committee.
- 2. All suggestions can be made by submitting a note in the Student Council box at the Switch Board (in the Administration Building).

D. CONCERNING PARKING -

- 1. The Committee refers all students to pages 157-158 on Parking Information.
- 2. The scarcity of parking space is due to the influx of cars this year compared to last year's. The Seminary's financial situation is not in a position to create new parking spaces this year.
- 3. The Committee asks that the students make a special effort to follow the regulations as stated in the new Handbook.

E. CONCERNING OTHER THINGS -

- 1. An announcement for those who don't know: there is a television in the snack bar.
- 2. The Commons is now closed from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. on weekdays and all hours on weekends due to the malicious damage and many robberies made during these stated times. A key may be obtained from Dave Johnson (121B), the manager, for special reasons or events. (This decision was made by the Commons Committee.)
- 3. Last semester personal property in several rooms was stolen. The Committee suggests to take the caution of locking your doors whenever not present. If your lock does not function properly, then call it to the attention of your janitor or Tom Brian.

F. CONCERNING GRIEVANCES -

- 1. All problems, difficulties, complaints, or grievances concerning all aspects of the Seminary Community can be directed to the Committee. This can be done by submitting a note in the Student Council box at the Switchboard, or by personally conveying the grievance to Bob Bardeen, Chairman of the Committee.

THE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

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A Fragment of a Letter

Bruce Stuart

I have told you before, Mary, that rivers are either young lions or old ladies. The young lions chase each other, the sun glistening on their backs, jump back on each other, white bristling waters. Creeks like old ladies can be found often in the marsh lands of England. I saw one such creek as I drove restlessly on a coach tour on a drizzly day in late August.

Because it was drizzling, many raindrops were making their way slowly down the windowpane. I was fatigued that day, and anxious. It was many days since I wrote anything. I could not remember how it was to have ideas come together and ask to be joined, to flow together. So it was I was wishing one raindrop would discover the beaded trail of a predecessor and rush to the sill. Just as I was pausing, trying to remember what it was like to have written something, the raindrop was also pausing, buffeted by wind, and made another twist in its path - not its first as I looked back up the window.

I grew weary and tense, anxious for the drop to hit the sill. As it grew nearer, I anticipated its hitting, and with relief, its rushing down the side of the coach out of sight. Instead, when it did arrive at the sill it spread out on it fatly, with as much care as ever a tender mother smoothed a blanket about the chest of a much loved child.

My fingers itched to pick up a pen, bu I was too anxious. Phrases had come all day long and had been trite. Plots had turned to nelodrama.

In such a way, an old lady creek meandered about its fluffy, marshy floodplain, not only refusing to join another, youthful stream, to which it came so painfully close, but independantly turning away. T watch the old creek the country side seemed forever doomed to drizzling rain and mist. Yet only to glance at the young lion stream it became easy to imagine the marsh and surrounding hills enhanced by sunlight.

When the creek joined the stream, id did so clandestinely, behind a cloak of bushes so think that I could not see the actual union. When last I saw the old lady stream it took a turn into the cloak of bushes, no longer independant, but regretful, ashamed of this death.

In my turn, in such a way, I put aside my restlessness and chose to write.

* * * * *

Hearken Wives!

Richard G. DeGraw *

Hearken Wives!

Seminary wives have something that other young wives would give anything for - a husband that has a permanent draft deferment. Imagine the loneliness, the uncertainty, the empty bed, the frustration of the woman that waits for the impersonal letter telling of her husband's "gallant" death; imagine and Do SOMETHING to stop it, you lucky ladies of Princeton!

The soldier plods through mud and blood
The politician sits at home, speaks of death.
And the politician tells the soldier to die
And the soldier, honorable, consents.
And the young men leave their colleges, wives and dogs
To flock to the politician
And be told when to die.

Will their glory reign eternal
When their body leaves our world?

Glory can't be eaten
And medals can't be loved:
So the wives are left with a letter
That says - in wonderful words -
He is dead, he is dead, he is dead.

The politician smiles and says the war was grand
And the woman sobs so silent
When asked, "Where is your man?"

* Richard DeGraw is a Middler B.D.-M.S.W. student and a graduate of Westminster College.

True Grit

Hal Schnedler *

True Grit, starring John Wayne, Glenn Campbell, and Katherine Ross, is an anti-western. It takes the inevitable cliches of the Traditional Western myth and deliberately turns them against themselves. But unlike Support Your Local Sheriff, this burlesque in reverse is not funny at all, but, cold deliberate anger such as stalks through the movie itself despite the superficially funny dialogue and sequences.

John Wayne's ability as a gunman is deliberately exaggerated so far beyond possibility that it becomes a condemnation of the art: the climactic scene in which Wayne races across an open field on horseback twirling his rifle in one hand and firing off shots which fell an outlaw with every burst doesn't even arouse credibility; it does however cause us to consider how similar his one-man foray is to modern war.

As a one-eyed lawman meant to demolish the heroic image he has so often in the past portrayed, John Wayne does a great public service and an admirable effective job. In this movie he is unshaven, crude, potbellied, alcoholic (so much so that sometimes he can't ride his horse), mercenary (he freely admits the bounty is the only incentive he has for tracking down the killers of Katherine Ross's father, and it is when Glenn Campbell bribes him that he refuses to let her join their expedition), and utterly cold-blooded. He prepares an ambush explicitly so as to give himself and Campbell a chance to shoot their quarry from behind. He callously waives his own promise to bury two of his victims - a promise which he had made simply to procure information from them before they died.

The movie is comic in many moments - but it is always a humor which catches in one's throat. It is the kind of banter and gay antics we all participate in throughout our lives: the kind that goes on in hospital waiting rooms, in an employment, in the preparations for a wedding or a funeral - the kind of humor which makes life bearable and even enjoyable - while tragedy moves steadily on underneath. Everyone is killed (save John Wayne and Katherine Ross, and even characters they portray in many ways have already died). Yet until the last minute they still joke, still laugh, still entertain. Such is life.

There is, moreover, some real psychological insight in True Grit - in the character of the girl who in a grief reaction to her father's murder rejects her female role and attempts to fill her father's shoes -saddling his horse, carrying his gun, eating and dressing like the men with whom she travels. Her relationship to John Wayne - who could have been a father figure had he not degenerated so far - and to Glenn Campbell - who would have liked to be her lover and who finally dies for her - are dominated by her identification with her father, so much so that the final scene between her and Wayne is the two of them standing beside her father's grave.

Both she and Wayne stand then as the tragic modern hero - both crippled psychologically and physically, both lonely, both surrounded by death and standing before its inevitability with unobjecting calmness. The nicest expression of love between them in the whole film is when they agree upon adjoining graves.

*Hal is a Middler, a graduate of the U. of Missouri.

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A NEW SEMESTER RESOLUTION (reflected through the centuries): This semester I will not get behind in my work

Now let's go have a beer.

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 7

February 7, 1970

LETTERS TO VIEWPOINT

We would like to bring to our reader's attention the possibility of writing letters to VIEWPOINT as a viable means of communicating through this publication. Letters offer the opportunity of informality and brevity in expressing personal opinions, and they have been a major mode of communication throughout the history of literature and journalism.

Those interested in numerology know that the number 7 is the symbol of Divine Completion in apocryphal literature, including that of the Old and New Testaments. We are not arguing that this issue (vol. 7, no. 7) is divinely complete, but we do hope that you will find something in these pages you don't like and respond accordingly. If you do respond, then this issue might be regarded as divine completion, for it will have achieved its purpose.

The Editors

The Contributors

- AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. McCORD.....The Association of Black Seminarians
- A SERMON ON AMERICA.....Larry Dixon
- JUDAS AT SEA.....Bruce Stuart
- I TALKED TO GOD YESTERDAY.....Bob Bardeen
- WHAT ABOUT OUR TRUSTEES?.....Viewpoint Task Force
- THE CASTE SYSTEM.....John Lewis
- COMMENDING "BLACK RADICALS".....Daniel Consla
- MOVIE REVIEW: MIDNIGHT COWBOY.....Hal Schnedler

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January 27, 1970

Dr. McCord:

This letter is written to express the utter disgust felt by ABS in regard to the silent role which the Seminary has played and continues to play at this late date as black people are still being slaughtered in their private homes in "night rider" fashion.

Twenty-eight members of the Black Panther Party have been killed and countless others have been arrested or forced into exile since the organization's inception because of political reasons. How can this happen in a country which guarantees political freedom and which houses a clause in its Declaration of Independence that charges each member of its citizenry with the responsibility of overthrowing any government which does not serve the people?

The least that we must expect from such an influential leader in the Christian community as you is a public denunciation of these vicious attacks on our people, which have been deemed "justifiable" in the courts of law. Law and Order (or "kill the niggers" as it means to many blacks), not justice, seems to justify all in this decaying Nation. We insist that if complete justice for the disinherited of this nation were realized, the Black Panther Party would not exist. Be advised that we view your silence with indignation and grave suspicion.

On another matter before closings: We are quite disappointed with your failing, on your own accord, to lead the Seminary community in a memorial tribute to the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. on his birthday, January 15th. I think you will agree that Dr. King was a "man of the cross" by any standard.

Yours in Christ,

The Association of Black Seminarians

* * * * *

The following is the manuscript of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Larry E. Dixon on Sunday morning, April 28, 1968, at the Greater Travelers Rest Baptist Church, Atlanta, Georgia. Read and heed if you please. It's your thing. You are being weighed in the balance. Woe be unto you if you be found wanting.

AMERICA, YOU HAVE BEEN WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING

Then from his presence the hand was sent, and this writing was inscribed. And this is the writing that was inscribed. Mene, Mene, Tekel, and Parsin. This is the interpretation of the matters: Mene. God has numbered the days of your kingdom and brought it to an end. Tekel. you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; Peres. your kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians. Daniel 5:24-28.

The author of our text, the prophet Daniel, had been taken captive from Jerusalem to Babel in 586 B.C. Though he was taken captive from his native land, Daniel did not forget about God. And because he did not forget God, God gave him wisdom and ability to interpret dreams. In our story today, King Belshazzar was having a banquet for his lords and their wives. Everybody was having a good time and some, including the king, were getting drunk. The king decided that his vessels were not good enough for the feast. And so he had the servants bring the golden vessels which had been taken from the Lord's temple in Jerusalem. They began to eat and drink from these vessels and immediately the fingers of man's hand appeared and wrote on the plaster of the wall of

the king's palace. And the king saw the hand that wrote and he became afraid. He sent for his magicians and soothsayers, but they could not read the writing. Then the queen came and said, "O king, let not your heart be troubled. For here in our kingdom is a young man called Daniel who is endowed with the spirit of the Holy God. Send for him and he will read the writing." So Daniel came and preached before the king. He closed his sermon by reading the handwriting on the wall. "O king, God has numbered the days of your kingdom and brought it to an end. You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting." The story ends by saying that on that same night Belshazzar, the Chaldean king, was slain.

While Bel-shazzar was enjoying himself, he had no idea that doom was so very near. We here in the United States are sometimes like Belshazzar. We see and read about societies all around us that have drifted and are drifting toward the brink of destruction and doom. We read and cherish the story of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Yet we sit complacent and fool ourselves by saying "it can't happen here." I am here to tell you this morning that it can and will happen here unless the United States changes the course in which it is now headed.

When racial riots began to break out in our major cities during the past summer, somebody remarked that it could not happen here in Atlanta, Georgia. It could not happen here, they said, because Atlanta was too busy too hate. But it did happen. It happened because while Atlanta was too busy to hate, it did not have time to love. It did not have time to see that the black man was suffering to be recognized as a citizen in every sense of the word. Atlanta was too busy building the Regency Hyatt House to hear the black man in his ghetto crying for decent housing. And it happened. Summerhill exploded in racial violence. And it will continue to happen until Atlanta and America as a whole wake up and read and heed the handwriting on the wall.

It bothers me sometimes, or maybe I should say all the time, how so many God-fearing Americans can sit comfortable in their beautiful, lily-white churches on Sunday morning and watch this nation rush to its doom and yet remain complacent. It bothers me how these same people can sing "O how I love Jesus" and yet refuse to admit a person to its membership because he has a black face. I am baffled at the motives of a state leader, Gov. Lester "Phooey" Maddox, that is, who conducts prayer meeting in his office and yet refuses to pay respect to one who best exemplified those characteristics that Jesus taught, thus bringing shame to himself and to the state of Georgia. America, you have been found wanting.

You proclaim to the world that you were founded on religious freedom, yet you have been playing the hypocrite ever since the founding fathers signed the Declaration of Independence. They wrote "we hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal..." Yet, they and their children, and their children's children have kept the minority races in the dust and have attempted to make them think of themselves as an inferior race. America, you have tried to keep the black man down by keeping him ignorant. In slavery times America, you refused the slaves access to books for you said that any nigger that could read was a trouble-maker. You said this, America, because you knew that once the Negro became educated he would break your shackles of slavery and proclaim himself a free man on the grounds of your Declaration of Independence. But even with that America, you could not hold us back. In spite of all, men like Nat Turner and Frederick Douglas learned to read and dedicated themselves to the freedom of the black man in this country. Today America, we have loosened those shackles but you are still trying to keep us ignorant. You practice discrimination on your boards of education and you give us inferior schools to attend. America, you give us second class books and sometimes not even enough of those. These books tell us nothing about the great people we really are. America, you refuse to give to us the educational facilities that you give your white citizens. America, you have been weighed in the balance of equal education for all and are found wanting.

Not only that America, but you have profaned that which is sacred. You allow the holy days such as Christmas and Easter to be commercialized. You assume that the only worthy goal is profit, and therefore you sacrifice everything to that end. At Christmas you think only of the toys and other goods that you will sell and not about the son of God who was born in a stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes. When Easter comes your newspapers are full of advertisements about Easter sales, but not much is printed about the good news of why there is an Easter and what it means to mankind everywhere. America, you are putting too much emphasis on the material while neglecting the spiritual. This means America, that you are headed for disaster. You have been weighed in the balance of holiness and found wanting. The writer of Proverbs is still proclaiming that righteousness exalts a nation but sin is a reproach to any people.

America, you are too concerned about the mote that is in your neighbor's eye while neglecting the log that is in your own. You spend thousands in money and lives to wage a war in Vietnam while doing little or nothing about the war on poverty within your own boundaries. America, you seem more interested in the manufacture of missiles rather than of bread and butter to feed the hungry. You seem more interested in getting to the moon rather than providing adequate housing for your citizens down here on earth. You uphold the war in Vietnam and condemn the rioting in your own streets. You are playing the hypocrite. O America, America, thou who killest the prophets of peace in the streets of Dallas and on the balconies in Memphis, Tenn., I have come to tell you that you have been weighed in the balance of social justice and found wanting.

Can't you see America, can't you see the handwriting on the wall? When are you going to wake up America and heed the writing? Time is running out America. But it is not too late. The prophets of old are still crying to you America to stop bragging about the fact that you are a Christian nation and prove yourself by letting "justice roll down like water and righteousness like a mighty stream." You are wondering America, as to what approach you shall use in coming to God? You are wondering whether to come with your offering of gold from Fort Knox or with some shares of stock from Wall Street. He hath shewed thee, O America, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? The voice of the prophet Isaiah is ringing in every nook and corner of America today. He is crying "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return to the Lord, that he may have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he shall abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, says the Lord; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts." God is speaking to us and to all of America this morning. He is telling us to examine ourselves so that when it comes our time as individuals to be weighed in the balance, we will not be found wanting.

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Judas at Sea
Bruce Stuart

It was hot on the Sea of Galilee. Looking out one saw the outline of a fisherman's boat through heat waves, as though the wood itself were undulating. The boat appeared to be stuck on the surface as a fly upon an oil slick. Judas was restless in the boat. He agreed with everything the master said. It was all quite correct. But lately he'd been acting aloof, going away by himself. It was very strange.

Perhaps he wants to protect us from whatever is coming in Jerusalem, Judas thought. But he's being foolish if he doesn't want to hurt us. That's not his way, to shield us. Yet approaching crucial but uncertain events do that to men. He is right in what he's doing - going to Jerusalem. I knew it. But I'm uneasy, too. He should not leave us out. He's leaving the path open for us to desert and he'll be tactful enough to make it look like a free choice. Well, I won't. That'll teach him to want us left out.

I feel uneasy about going to Jerusalem. So does he. It's not right for him to go off by himself. Yet going there is right. He repeated the argument to himself staring off toward land. He strained his eyes to try to follow between the arid brown hills, to discern the area where Jesus had gone off. It hurt his eyes to strain. The hills wavered in the heat. He cursed the heat and gave a quiet anguished sigh.

The water would be cold. So Judas sat upon the bow of the long fishing boat, swung round, flopped over on his belly and lowered himself down into the water. It was a foolish thing to do. The others would laugh. He already felt their scorn.

Lowered himself into the cool water. Then after a layer of warmer water at the surface, his legs to his hips descended into cold water. He was the cold surrounding his legs, even as he stared up the wood-cracked grey, dry hull to which he clung. And beyond the hull, theazy sky. It hurt his eyes to look just over the hull's edge, for the sun was just behind it, burning brilliantly where the hull's edge met the sky. Heat waves rose touching the back of his neck.

Judas saw the cold, descended into the water, rocked by a subterranean current. Something touched his foot lightly. And then again.

Great fishes slithered past his legs brushing them with their undulating fins or lazily lapping his bare legs with oily skins. Blue, the water. Blue, his legs. Blue, the great fishes slithering past. Lulled by an ecstasy of sensual delight in the utter cold Judas descended.

ruce is a junior B.D., a graduate of Lafayette College.

* * * * *

I TALKED TO GOD YESTERDAY...
Bob Bardeen*

I talked to God yesterday.
We cried together.
He told me that his son
got killed..., again...

I let him talk it out.
He sure had a lot of pent-up
feelings.
I supported him...
I felt he needed it...

I asked him if he would like to come in
for another session... next
week.
he didn't answer.
he just looked into
the white wilderness,
with his
black fist
in the air...

Bob is a middler B.D. student and a graduate of California State College.

* * * * *

Nietzsche was a PK.

THE CASTE SYSTEM

John Lewis*

Men of Princeton Theological Seminary I perceive that in every way we are victims of our caste society. As representatives of the christian community we share with society the same verdict when it comes to race. Here ministers are being trained to proclaim the christian gospel. The implication of this training is that we will not serve just any community. We are being trained to serve Black or White congregations anywhere from the lower to the upper middle class. We have allowed race and class to come before our christian faith.

For all of us who are christians this caste system must be a thorn in our side. Our Lord commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves. Yet, each of us know, have heard of, or serve congregations that have closed doors to certain people or a class of people who also call themselves christians. "Is it not written, My father's house shall be a house of prayer for all nations?" When we close the door this is rejecting an opportunity to serve and discover who is our neighbor. Furthermore, it is disobedient and a demonstration of disrespect for God. Placing ourselves before others is an attempt to disregard one of the true elements that makes us christians. That is the recognition of the dignity of all mankind before God.

The caste system forces even christians in these United States to neglect the commands of God and to trust only in ourselves. Many who still claim to be saints must realize that the saint belongs to another era. Circumstances have forced all of us to deny our love for humanity and to show our deep distrust in the Grace of God for all mankind. We have been goaded into defending the caste system at the expense of breaking our relationship with God and man. Congregations all over the country are losing members, and christians are left alone to bear their own loneliness. It is now the age of repentance.

Have we suffered so long until the thorn in our side has become a part of our flesh? Whenever there is irritation there is also discomfort, or pain. When we stand before our congregations and proclaim ourselves to be members of the body of Christ and see nothing except Black or White faces we feel a slight degree of discomfort. When Black seminarians across the nation begin to accept the responsibility of training white students, administrators feel the discomfort. When teen-agers and certain radical groups speak of the church as irrelevant institution in a world of change, the church members begin to feel the discomfort. Truly, pain accompanies the presence of a thorn in the flesh.

We are trained well by the caste system. Man's ability to project himself from Earth to the Moon and beyond excites us. We are encouraged to support this kind of exploration. Yet, when men are unable to look another human in the eye without feeling threatened or feeling an inability to accept him as free and equal, we are not anxious to explore the reasons why. Any system, be it caste or otherwise that can project human images (beings) beyond the Moon, yet disrespect and dehumanize that same image on Earth has already defeated itself and all of us who are forced to be its victims.

As christians (through a God who is not exclusively our own) we have the opportunity to rededicate ourselves in service to the christian community and therefore, the world; if we can recognize that this is an age of repentance. We all have been forced to place things, ideals and race before our faith in God. We should accept our differences, admit our errors, recognize our prejudices and trust God in our efforts to bridge the gaps and tear down the walls that separate us from one another. For we are neighbors and subject only to God.

John is a senior B.D., a graduate of University of Dubuque.

WHAT ABOUT OUR TRUSTEES?

IF THE TRUSTEES OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY WERE CHOSEN BY YOU...

Would the president of the trustees of a major university who was personally involved in firing three professors for anti-war activity be acceptable?

Would a director of AT&T, the nation's eighth largest defense contractor, be acceptable?

Would the president of Bethlehem Steel Corporation, a major supplier of war material, be acceptable?

Would a director of a corporation which is a supplier of ballistic missiles be acceptable?

Would a group of men who participated through their corporations in a forty million dollar loan to the economic and political support of South Africa be acceptable?

BE HOPE NOT.... But...men fitting these descriptions are on the Board of Trustees of this Seminary. One of these is President of the Board of Trustees of this Seminary.

Viewpoint Task Force on Priorities:

Harry Batuyios, Bruce Cameron, Jim Cubie, John Gajewski, Hans Vogelaar, Galen Yoder.

* * * * *



COMMENDING "BLACK RADICALS"

Daniel L. Consla*

In spite of persisting criticisms of various black political and religious groups, such as Black Islam and the Black Panthers, an honest look at the decade which has just passed gives them a high appraisal value for the black man. We would do well to consider the positive effects of these groups. As for Black Islam:

1. It has given the Black Muslim one of the most stringent and sane moral codes in the history of civilization, one that any man would do well to follow.

2. It has given black men a 'live' religious option, because it given them an identity they can live with, one which justifiably elevates the black man's image above the role cast for him by white society through history.

3. It has been an innovator of black capitalism.

4. Its demonstrated ability to change the lives of men, as was witnessed in the life of its assassinated spokesman, Malcolm X, commends it to society as a rehabilitating force.

5. It, more than any other recent social phenomenon, has pointed out the glaring discrepancy between Christ's teachings and the practices of the white Christian establishment.

As for the Black Panther Party:

1. It has met the need of black men to defy principalities and powers, when to do so was just and relatively necessary, thus showing blacks an alternative to submission.

2. It has sought to render services to the black community which have long been needed, such as breakfast programs for school children. Thus it has filled a gap which has been left by charitable and religious groups.

3. By being a target for criticism and police terrorism, it has drawn fire away from the more moderate black organizations.

4. By being a victim, this party has helped to make America more aware of the dangerous potential of some law enforcement agencies.

It is all too easy to find fault with these groups and others like them. But it behooves us to look at things from their point of view and recognize their virtues as well, which is not usually so easy. Even as all human souls are inclined to evil, all human souls also have the potentiality to do good. The ominous work of reconciling persons to social realities can be greatly facilitated by realizing this. Furthermore, by recognizing the truth in the claims of black groups which are hostile to white society, Christians reaffirm their willingness to reconcile. As long as we remain defensive and accusing, instead of commending and willing to recognize our own faults, the black man will have an authentic need for movements such as Black Islam and the Black Panther Party.

Dan is a junior B.D. candidate who graduated from Westminster College.

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Movie Review: Midnight Cowboy
Harold Schnedler*

I have talked a lot about the Midnight Cowboy - probably more about it than many films I've liked. What I have told most friends, in an abbreviated version, is this: Dustin Hoffman was great, and the movie would have been good had they omitted all the rest save Dustin Hoffman's parts. Hoffman was not only the central figure, but the whole life and soul of an otherwise soulless and empty film.

It is my habit, when reviewing, to first praise and then stick in the knife; so that is what I will do here. For there were some things in the film worthy of praise. Irony, for example, was handled well. It was subtle. That when Joe Buck wears his cowboy duds east, the clothes that made him a stud at home set him apart as a social outcast in New York, is irony. (The last shall become first and the first shall become last.) Likewise, it is ironic that after a winter of unemployment, when Joe Buck finally gets a chance, he throws it away for his friend. And that when he finally finds it, true love is not in the sex act at all, but in giving away a coat, in sharing a can of beans.

Hoffman's role is great in capturing with gentle pathos the pride which even poor persons have. He is touchy about his name ("Don't call me Ratso!") and reverent toward his ancestors (one of the closest moments between him and Joe Buck is when he takes Joe to a graveyard to visit his parents' graves.)

On a whole, though, I disliked the film. The human genitalia have been increasingly exposed in films lately, but the number of films is decreasing wherein sex is in any way connected with love. Insofar as this is true, then these films are perverted, for the function of sex is perverted in them. In this particular film I would dare to say the director hated sex more than the Puritans ever did. I can't believe he intended only to rape the romantic bubble so many films float on. (Though if so, he would have done a great public service if he were motivated by compassion and love.)

Joe Buck's relationships in this film are completely void of compassion and love. His intercourse with the girl in the car probably was not really love, but the clinging together in the dark of two lonely persons. His grandmother's overpowering affection for him only emasculates. His relationships with women are both egoistic and mercenary. His relationship with the homosexuals are only for money. One might say that the boy in the drive-in movie, misguided though he is, might at least be seeking to give and receive love in his homosexuality - whereas Buck has not only entered the contract simply for money to survive on, but is not even present; he has escaped back into memories. So the exchange between him and the boy actually is no relationship at all.

The whole environment, of course, is sick. The prostitute grandmother, Joe Buck whose whole self-image is limited to the sex act and clouded by his grandmother's shadow, the lonely "gay" people at the Village party, even the blank indistinguishable patrons of the automats - all are modern wasteland figures. Joe Buck indeed seems adrift through an environment of emptiness and death. The boy homosexual vomits, his childhood girlfriend is caught in the sex act with him and is pilloried by the town, his one true friend, Rizzo, dies and Buck himself murders a man. Buck seems to live off of, and hasten the consumation of, the sickness in everyone he meets.

I have been told by a friend that there is an important and laudable turning point in the film - Joe Buck's bedroom crisis after the party, where his impotence suddenly falls away and, in that moment of anger, he seizes the girl and becomes a man - a moment significant for her too probably, because she may have been a sadistic female who, so long as she could emasculate men, probably could not experience her own womanhood. Though this seems possible on the surface, though, I disagree with my friend. Although Buck may once again have become a potent male, he still does not know how to love - and what is really

important? His coitus with the girl from the party is actually a rape, done in tremendous anger: she represents all the women who have emasculated him all his life, and though this reprisal may represent a psychological triumph over his past (which is good), to be free is still not to be responsible, though it is a first step. One is not a man or a woman just for the night. This affair, like all Buck's others, ends in the payoff. The woman rushes to call her friends: Joe Buck is the most exciting plaything she has found. She is still a child dabbling in toys, and he is still a child pleasing the women who own him. (The real turning point occurs after the murder in the following scene, when Joe Buck and Rizzo, on the way to Florida, decide to get jobs.)

In this film, there is no acting by Voight. I distinguish between players and actors in this way: an actor is a person who can adapt himself to many roles, and actually become a different individual in each role. Dustin Hoffman and Rod Steiger and Richard Braton are actors. A player is one who can not fit various roles, but chooses roles that fit him. He plays himself. John Wayne until True Grit was a player; so is Doris Day. And so is John Voight. Voight did not act at all in this film: he just modeled clothes. His dramatic weakness is attested by the director's choice to draw our attention away from Voight in flashbacks and closeups whenever he is left alone on the screen. It is not just for reasons of plot that we have no flashbacks with Hoffman. An actor is able to move from one emotion to another before our eyes (acting is linear). And we saw the evolution of a person in Rizzo: Rizzo begins as a well-dressed pimp, sickens, and dies. Hoffman is truly a great actor. His death scene on the bus was an epitome of understatement and delicacy. Yet the powerful emotions in his face - the fear as he faces aloneness once again, this time ultimate aloneness - are tremendous. It's only too bad that sitting next to him, caring for him, is a dummy, a mask.

And it's because his movie role is as he acts, a mask, a nothing, that Voight is alone as a character in this film. Only when he comes into relationship with a someone - a someone who gives himself to make Joe Buck a something - that Joe Buck becomes. And he becomes only at that point when he gives away all his past and indeed, his future, for his friend. (The Christian parallel is quite obvious at this point: two thousand years ago a company of nobodies gave up their futures and their routine lives for a Someone who came into their lives - Christ - and by doing so they became someones just at the same time as He became a nothing for them.)

It is at this point that my review becomes entirely subjective, so I would warn those who read from here on and welcome rebuttals. For though this was admirable for some fine points which I tried to point out, I thoroughly disliked this film. To begin with, as a person who values sex and who considers it one of the most beautiful and sacred facts of humanness, I do not see why they had to show what they did to make their point. One might answer, "It had to be shown because that's the way things are." But is that all they are? Granted, they are so for some people. But must the distortions of humanity be shown on the screen? We live in an age when realism has become an end in and of itself. Whatever is, is not only worth showing, but must be shown. This assumption is what I call to question.

Life, it seems to me, becomes as one perceives it. If one perceives life as distorted and hideous, it will become so. If one perceives life as meaningful and humane and worthy of hope it will become so. We become what we perceive.

Today, perhaps, people like flagellating themselves with sadism and cynicism and nihilism. We seem to be "maturing" into a state whereby no one is shocked. But I believe such a state is pathological. The arts should not flatly say, "This is the way things are, get with it"; but they should say, "this is horrible, the way things are," and point to something more humane.

The Midnight Cowboy certainly presented a fragment of reality, and perhaps it was, in what it left out, a protest against the cheap sentimental romanticism that long characterized Hollywood. But I think it could have said everything better without being so graphic. Nude scenes, though fragmentary, are unnecessary to depict emptiness and cruelty; so is the portrayal of sexual aberrations. Can't we have hope left in something?

What, you say? I am ignoring the truth? I reply that by opening our eyes to things good and worthy of emulation we shall find that the unworthy becomes all too apparent by contrast. Sickness can be detected only in relation to health. And though life is full of unhappiness, violence and distortion, it is only in the presence of deep love and compassion and fulfillment that these become apparent.

If we want to know of social sickness, we have enough of it in the newspapers without making it a value on the screen. The whole quest for knowledge of evil is questionable. According to Bonhoeffer, man at the time of his creation knew only good; it was when he desired to know evil also that he parted ways with God; for because there is no evil in God, insomuch as man knows evil he does not know Him.

No religious leader, most certainly not Christ, has advised men to seek out evil, so as to discover what it looks like. What they had to do was show man the good, so that alongside the good the evil aberrations became apparent.

The construction of the film, like its content, was also shoddy. It takes no great art, I think, to throw together rapid sequences of still photographs. Such gimmicks do manage to convey messages, and by their brokenness and incompleteness do involve the viewer in "the process" of completing the film, and in so doing appeal to the contemporary mind. But appealing though they may be to our mentality, and effective though they may be for speeding up time, they are nevertheless a substitute for acting, and no doubt will be increasingly employed to bridge dragging scenes and to cover up bad talent, as well as to cut down on production time and expense. Such was their purpose in Midnight Cowboy, I feel. Take out the still photographs and there was little left. Still photography in Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid served beautifully to fade action scenes back into the objective historical setting and to bridge about six months of time. But in Midnight Cowboy it was used for novel effect alone.

Hal is a middler who graduated from U. of Missouri.

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VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 8

February 20, 1970

IN THIS ISSUE.....LETTERS, LITERATURE, AND LAY RENEWAL

In the LETTERS,...students claim VIEWPOINT is unfair...an open letter to Dr. McCord... an attack upon the Viewpoint Task Force on Priorities. In the LITERATURE,...two poems and a short story. In the section on LAY RENEWAL,...several excellent articles on the meaning and value of lay renewal and the upcoming "Power to the People" conference (Feb. 23-26). The articles express both positive and negative opinions on the subject.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

LETTERS.....Pages 2-4

THE EPIC OF A MOMENT.....Donald Luidens

TO JULIAN.....Carole Zippi

MADEMOISELLE SUZANNE WITH AN ASPIRENT "AH".....Bruce Stuart

WHAT IS POWER TO THE PEOPLE ALL ABOUT?.....Joel Crosby

"POWER TO THE PEOPLE" or MIDDLE AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM DELUDED.....Robert L. Hart

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RENEWAL.....Cullen Story

ON THE PRACTICE OF LAYMAN'S SUNDAY.....Wayne Knouse

OPEN LETTER TO THE "POWER TO THE PEOPLE" CONFERENCE.....Lincoln T. Griswold

THE EDITORS

Jim Cubie	Larry Dixon	Super Chicken	Monica McKig	Bruce Stuart
Steve Deckard	Wayne Frey		Jim Slicer	Galen Yoder

VIEWPOINT is a fortnightly publication at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is an informal journal of opinion, and welcomes contributions from students, faculty, and administration. Poetry, criticism, essays, letters, commentaries, and short stories are all welcome, so long as each contribution expresses a reflective point of view. Material should be submitted, preferably typewritten and double-spaced, to the Office of Student Publications (or the VIEWPOINT box) in the basement of Stuart Hall no later than the Monday preceding the date of issue in which it is to appear. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication any article submitted. Anonymous articles will not be accepted for publication. The editors assume no responsibility for articles other than their own; neither to the articles herein necessarily reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Your publication has struck a responsive chord. On page one of the apocalyptic vol. 7, no. 7, you do your readers the kindness, if not the courtesy, to point out the possibility of letter-writing as a form of expression (a possibility which you apparently feel has escaped us who are not of the literati), and I want to thank you for such a helpful proposition. You suggest that letters "offer the opportunity of informality and brevity in expressing personal concerns," and you express the hope that your readers will find something in VIEWPOINT's pages that they don't like, and that they will respond accordingly. Okay, gentlemen, it's your dime.

I am in sympathy with many of the feelings expressed in that issue of February 7, 1970, but I must share with you the opinion, which has been taking form in my mind for some time, and which probably is not a sentiment unfamiliar to you, that VIEWPOINT's articles are biased in such a way, and to such an extent, that the publication is no longer a forum for expression of all points of view, as its name and current masthead would seem to imply. Certainly the content of vol. 7, no. 7, as an example, is highly biased, and properly should be entitled "Fewpoint." I am aware that by saying these things I place myself in jeopardy of being labeled a racist and a war-monger. This is not the case; I merely am calling for a reasoned editorial policy.

Specifically, I am considerably disturbed over the "Open Letter to Dr. McCord" from the Association of Black Seminarians. That letter closes with a derogatory comment regarding Dr. McCord's failure "to lead the Seminary community in a memorial tribute to the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. on his birthday, January 15th." I cannot presume to speak for Dr. McCord, but the fact of the matter is that during the week of January 19 materials were submitted for publication in VIEWPOINT, materials which had been used in just such a service of tribute on January 15. Frankly, gentlemen, if such zealous interest in commemorating Dr. King's birthday was afoot, it goes past my comprehension why only one black seminarian saw fit to attend chapel, where the service was held, on that day of recognition. But beyond that, the materials submitted, in your hands for about three weeks now (two issues of VIEWPOINT have come out since), conspicuously have not shown up in the pages of your publication. Here, it seems to me, the Editorial Board of the VIEWPOINT has to answer to the Association of Black Seminarians for this omission.

In my opinion, VIEWPOINT has been weighed in the balance and has been found wanting, wanting of a balanced message, a truly stabilized viewpoint. I know I am not the only person around with such a view, and I call upon any others now to join me in trying to help rebalance your journalistic efforts.

Faithfully,
James F. Camp
209 Hodge

Dear Editor:

When I first read the letter to Dr. McCord from the Association of Black Seminarians in the

February 7 issue of VIEWPOINT I was perplexed. After my conversation with a member of your editorial staff this evening I am not sure whether to feel anger or pity at VIEWPOINT's apparent attitude.

The fourth paragraph of that letter criticizes Dr. McCord for not having "led the Seminary community in a memorial tribute to the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. on his birthday, January 15." Mr. James F. Camp and I led the chapel service on January 15 and attempted to conduct it as a service of worship in which the particular contributions of Dr. King were recognized and in which God was praised and thanked for the life and work of Dr. King. The main prayer and message delivered during that service were submitted to VIEWPOINT on or about Wednesday, January 21, 1970 (since they were not published I will assume that the persons criticizing Dr. McCord are not aware of the content of that service). Criticism of Dr. McCord for not having told two students who had prepared a chapel service to "get lost" that he could lead it is an interesting commentary on someone's conception of how a Christian seminary should be run since it would have necessitated neglecting the planning of two members of the community and overriding the authority of a third (Dr. Duba, Director of Chapel, who had asked us to lead the service on that day).

I recognize VIEWPOINT's right to refuse to publish material. I question your motive, however, in printing the letter of ABS and not making mention of the fact that recognition was made of Dr. King's birthday. Such an action on your part seems to imply that you wish people to believe that no such service was held or that it was so inferior as to be meaningless. The first of these possibilities would mean that you wish to convey false information and the second would be an attempt to convince some and to convict others by innuendo; those convicted have been denied the right to be heard and those to be convinced have been denied access to all the pertinent information.

VIEWPOINT actually does "welcome contributions." I suggest that you attempt to do so in a manner which shows both sides of the issues.

Sincerely,

Allen R. Sager
G-2 100 Stockton

An Open Letter To The VIEWPOINT Task Force On Priorities

Dear Sirs:

In your last issue you printed a number of indictments against members of the seminary's Board of Trustees. You base these indictments on research. I would like you to state your motives for this research.

If your motives are purely altruistic, in that you would like to see the seminary involving itself more in community affairs, please let us know your suggestions, and ways in which the trustees' power and membership could (realistically) be expanded to implement your suggestions. If, however, this research is prelude to a witch hunt, a sort of McCarthyism in reverse whereby we purge ourselves of any trustees in any way tainted by the war, please be honest and say so, rather than distracting us by high ideals.

I am concerned, you see, that we might have here a new Donatist in the making. If we purge ourselves of any trustee who in any way supports the Vietnam war, shall we not go on to purge those who are in any way racially prejudiced? And how about those who are divorced, who have unorthodox theological or ethical views? Let us have no one in the church, and especially not in church administration, who is in any way unclean.

I am very worried about a new kind of witch hunt, as you can tell. I guess that's because several of the Task Force are also members of the Moratorium Committee, and in table conversation with them I have gotten the distinct impression that they feel anyone on the Board of Trustees who doesn't agree with their political views should be dismissed.

My opinion is that on the Board of Trustees many points of view should be represented, but none should be stifled. It would be shocking indeed if the trustees were to suspend students who oppose the war. Let us remember this when, in the name of conscience, we suggest dismissing our militaristic trustees.

And are some of our trustees militant? You bet! For who with any modicum of conscience could work for one of our militaristic combines, such as Bethlehem Steel, who believes in peace?

Thank God all of us here are clean!

Hal Schnedler
303 Hodge

An Open Letter To Dr. McCord

Dear President McCord:

This is to formally confirm our meeting with the Budget and Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees on March 3, 1970. At this meeting we plan to discuss the following: (1) The immediate release of the Seminary's investment portfolio for purposes of examining foreign investment patterns and domestic investments, particularly in war-related industries; (2) The role that the Seminary's Treasurer (Manufacturer's Hanover Trust) has played in political repression and racial oppression in South Africa; (3) The implications for the Christian community of the roles that individual trustees play in war-related industries and political repression via positions in other institutions and/or corporations; (4) The role of this institution in influencing more ethical practices by the United Presbyterian Fund; and (5) The inclusion of students as members of the various committees of the Board of Trustees.

We are aware of the Seminary's economic involvement in ghetto projects. The ethical complexities of economic involvement call us to probe investment policy much further than this, however.

Cordially yours,

The VIEWPOINT Task Force on Priorities: Harry Batuyios, Bruce CAmeron, Jim Cubie, Craig Dykstra, David Evans, John Gajewski, Hans Vogelaar, Galen Yoder.

P.S. The Task Force on Priorities has decided that it can best serve the interests of discussion by having a minimum of five or six representatives at the March 3 meeting.

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If you have an opinion, write a letter.
Submit it to VIEWPOINT through the appropriate
box outside the Student Publications Office
in the basement of Stuart Hall.

LITERATURE

The Epic of a Moment
Donald Luidens*

Each drop from the rusty spigot
congeals into a murky globule
which plops into a patient pail
already teeming with a restless brood.

Each drop from the ancient pail
meanders lazily down the moss-covered slats
and seeps into the muddy sod
where it joins a somber huddle of its companions.

Each drop in this press
forces a reluctant wayfarer through a channel
towards a curb
where it plunges to the street and is lost in an
endless, crawling gutter.

Donald is a Junior B.D. candidate, a graduate of Hope College

* * * * *

To Julian
Carole Zippi *

You're a dog, Julia
But maybe I wouldn't mind being you.
Maybe it's not as bad as people think.
After all, you don't have to worry
or cry, or wish you were dead.

You've just got to wag your tail a
little and scratch your dish in order to
get some food.

Julian, if you can wish, don't wish to
be like me or my kind. Wish to be a gazelle
or a lion or a zebra. But don't wish to be
like us, Julian. Because then you'll have to
be introduced to psychiatrists, pills, anxiety,
envy, gossip, un-love, hate.

Be yourself, Julian. And if ever I have
a wish, I'll wish-----
I guess I'll wish-----to be me.

Carole is a Junior and attended St. Vincent College.

* * * * *

Mademoiselle Suzanne with an Aspiret "Ah"
Bruce Stuart*

I It is not correct to say that the war has produced in the people of France a certain indifference. When those of us who know the war only indirectly, may hear of an atrocity and we cannot in the same instant stop and dwell on that atrocity alone. Yet when a French woman told us about how she saw the lobby of the Hotel Michael filled with murdered German soldiers, the floor covered thick in blood as did Mademoiselle Suzanne yesterday, it was only to introduce another story about the war of which such a scene was merely incidental and introductory. Such a scene to her is only a sketchy emblem above a door, behind which is her story. It cannot seem remarkable that she can pass by such a revolting scene and go to tell her story without pausing to recall the revulsion which almost made her faint that day when Paris was liberated. As a tourist I pass through many such elaborate doors each day.

Our wars are different from theirs. If their youth left home to fight the war, they may have died only miles away with civilian acquaintances aiding in the burial. For us, our youths, my classmates, go off to war and they disappear. There is only an article in a newspaper one after all can easily ignore.

I have a picture of Mademoiselle Suzanne, our tour guide in Paris. She is in her forties. She has red hair, straggly with sweat, a red face, punctuated with her long pointed, Gallic nose. She is waving a handkerchief to tell us, a group of thirty-four tired tourists, where to assemble. She would wave this handkerchief constantly. If she were waving in surrender for it looks in the picture, it would be to the futility of speaking to most of us who had only the vaguest of ideas as to what she was speaking about. But she never acted out of futility. She had been through the war. We did not know many of the French generals, she discovered, buried in Les Invalids. "So here is Leynault, the name who you don't know. Very famous," she would say. She went on until she could not heap laughing at our ignorance. How could she act futilely? She did not know. But I still wish I had had the chance to ask her anyhow.

That act which was even more characteristic of her was the way she dashed through the Louvre in order to show us the Winged Victory, the Mona Lisa, and several Davids. She very easily could have been like one of the mob who stormed the palace during the revolution. (Although, she corrected us, smirking, it was Versailles, not the Louvre which was stormed so famously October 5, 6, 1789.)

How vibrant she was! She spoke four languages, almost very well. Besides an over use of the anglicized form of 'faire,' she was really quite good. I myself have tried her language. I have been told to speak in a monotone, without emphasis and this I have practised on machines at home, so now I speak on various levels, as if changing rotation speeds on a record, to ask where I can 'acheter un journal' or 'faire un coup de téléphone.' But Suzanne must have been taught in a similar way about emphasis in the English language. So she would raise her voice key at the end of one sentence. Raise it further to commence a new sentence. Which in turn was raised further at the end. Until her voice should give out. At which point she would sigh and smile a little exasperated smile which for her was the end result of English emphasis.

The next thing I ever learned about Mademoiselle Suzanne was that she was an artist. Our chaperones kept trying to be invited to her home to see her paintings and perhaps purchase one. She graciously put them off, careful never to hurt their feelings until she simply gave them her card.

Mademoiselle, you and I could have shared the same joke, for I heard you chuckle as one of the chaperones put away your card. You and I deal with illusion, things which have no life. Our lives, being somewhat scarred - mine less than yours, perhaps - mock the past

and recreate entertaining pictures of experience around us. Whatever magic porte-hole through which the famous writers and painters passed has been denied to us as yet. You and I, who create if only to mock idealism and misplaced sincerity, cannot help but chuckle at those who seek us out in the midst of our drivel. I was too far back in the touring bus to explain this to you, though.

II Last night was my last in Paris. Some of us in my party went for a ride on a 'bateau mouche' on the Seine. We walked across the Pont D'Alma to get to the wharf. The Seine was lit with so many lights on so many bridges that the river seemed completely dried up. I found it difficult to distinguish the lights and their trails on the Seine so I had to check my bearings several times to see if I was where I thought I was. It was a sad thing to see the river dried up by so many hot lights, their reflections broiling in the waves of Seine. The long watery reflection of the lights dripped down toward our bridge like so many tears at such a sad sight.

There was a breeze and whpish, curving clouds which could not veil all the stars; they did make the moon alternately misty or quite clear, or even covered completely. We left the bridge and, passing through a lit-up gateway, I was told by a friend that Mademoiselle Suzanne had lost her fiancé in the war.

III I explained it all to a friend today. My date whom I met just recently and I had an enjoyable evening (un soir agréable). The stars (les étoiles) were out, and the moon (la lune), sometimes also (aussi). There were several of us, and we sang softly (chantant tendrement) a lot of the time. In these times of war (de la guerre) I told her, it is good to have such a relaxing evening. It is not so much that time stands still, (que le temps arrête) 'tu sais,' nor that I forget the wars. But I enjoyed her company and speaking of things not political. (Mais je suis aime sa compagnie, moi, et parlant des chose pas politiques.)

V Many of the roofs along the Seine are highly polished. As the 'bateau mouche' traveled swiftly up and down the river, the moon, made misty by the light clouds, was reflected atop these roofs. Two moons, both misty and ill defined, one caught by the light clouds, the other split and cracked by irregular tiles, accompanied us down the river. As we passed under each bridge it was less and less clear whether the year was 1967 or 1945. It was difficult, after all, to distinguish the real from the reflected moon and the lamps from their reflections.

Listen, Mademoiselle Suzanne, I write to you, for I have not had time to know you through the wordless acts of 'connaissance.' I write from a strange sort of a battlefield. You would be surprised by what insignificant acts of yours I remember you. It does not seem important now that I should worry over never seeing you again. Excuse this indiscretion, my love; things are quite uncomfortable and loud here. To say I cherish a few memories which make me content, this also I cannot bother to say. But it is also too late for the old cliches by which you will know I will soon die. I will not even say, what difference. C'est la guerre.

My sky is overcast tonight. There are strange sounds in the air. Someone is calling me. I will try to write again...

* * * * *

Man was made to lead with his chin; he is worth knowing only with his guard down, his head up, and his heart rampant on his sleeve.

- Robert Farrar Capon

LAY RENEWAL

What is "Power to the People" Feb 23 - 26 all about.

Joel Crosby *

The Student Association is sponsoring a series of discussions and symposiums entitled "Power to the People" because many of us feel that too many churches are impotent. Too many churches demonstrate spiritual life that would be exaggerated to be called tepid. Too many churches have pastors who voice great social concerns from their pulpits and in occasional public pronouncements but who lead congregations that are doing very little to change the conditions about which their pastor preaches. The average church often runs like a football team which sends its coach onto the playing field and cheers him on (if he is lucky) from the sidelines while he is overwhelmed by his opponents.

We feel that the people in our churches need to be given power from God and led to channel this power through their churches to change their communities. We feel that the church must become a team led by a player-coach rather than a one man show. A pastor who cannot motivate his congregation can have great social concern and sound theological beliefs but he will have little political or spiritual impact upon his community or his city.

The men we have brought to lead the "Power to the People" symposiums have demonstrated ability in various facets of this process, but they have not attained perfection. We have invited several men with different strengths. These men come from the inner city as well as suburban churches. Their impact upon their respective situations has been through the laity they have enlisted.

We believe that the combined strengths of these men will give us insights that we hope will help us to lead our future congregations, be they parish, urban, suburban or otherwise, to be a powerful force for spiritual and social change. If we knew of one man who could have done this we would have invited him and saved the expense of the others.

The men we have brought realize this. Therefore, they are coming to learn as well as to teach. These men want your insights just as they hope you will benefit from their experience and vision. That is why the most interesting and exciting part of these "Power to-the-People" evening symposiums will be the small groups which will follow the remarks by a speaker, where faculty, students, laymen and clergy will discuss the speaker's comments with the speaker or with other resource people. These men are also available to talk with you at luncheons, small dinner groups, and individual appointments.

This week is intended to be a dialogue with some outstanding men who are engaged in an exciting struggle to give power to the people of their churches and communities. This dialogue will be impoverished without your participation.

Joel is a Middler B.D. candidate, a graduate of the University of Washington, and President of the Student Association.

* * * * *

"Power To The People"

or

Middle American Protestantism Deluded

Robert L. Hart *

Winthrop S. Hudson in American Protestantism has outlined two central reasons for the decline of the American church which began in the last century and continues into our own decade. This decline Hudson characterizes as "theological erosion."

The first element which contributed to this lamentable situation, Hudson feels, was the noticeable lack of any strong challenge to the foundational principles of Protestantism

during the Nineteenth Century. When such a condition exists, those principles tend to be taken for granted if not forgotten altogether: conviction wanes.

The second element Hudson describes is, however, an even more important factor in the decline of the American church. This is Evangelicalism. This movement which even to this day in obvious and subtle ways still characterizes Protestantism in this country Hudson sees as one of the major reasons for the erosion of the moral and intellectual force of modern American Protestantism.

Evangelicalism is a persuasion which emphasizes "heart religion" and the "conversion experience." Its appeal is aimed far more to the emotions than to the intellect or any unity which might be described as the whole man. The end result of such an emphasis is the loss of what Hudson calls "inherited capital," that is the rational, theological development of the Protestant tradition. This then is "theological erosion," a condition which signifies the impotency of a once respectable religious movement. The causes of this sad state are apathy and Evangelical enthusiasm.

What we have in the impending disaster denominated as "Power to the People" is a repetition of these two detrimental forces which Hudson has outlined. For although the gauntlet has been laid before the tenets of Protestantism for decades if not centuries, the leaders behind "Power to the People" have demonstrated a remarkable ability either to ignore the challenge or to misinterpret its intent. They handle all problems as if they were conducting a temperance crusade. And they have neglected the pursuit of an intelligent understanding of the basic assumptions of Reformation Protestantism to the point that they are an embarrassment to the name.

"Power to the People" is not lacking in the second element described either. It is styled by a contained emotionalism and jingoism after the best of the Evangelical movement in this century. There is not fertile ground amongst such people for intelligent, rational theology to grow. "Power to the People" is simple emotional rear-guardism dressed up for 1970.

That "Power to the People" has been brought to this campus is an unintentional but unfortunate reflection of the Seminary and its student body. What have we come to that we now must submit to incipient revivalism in our midst? Certainly American religion has enough difficulties without resurrecting one of the causes of its decline. "Power to the People" is another attempt to delude Protestantism in this country. I hope this Seminary will not be a party to its accomplishment.

Bob is a Senior B.D. candidate, a graduate of good ol' Maryville College.

* * * * *

Where Do You Fit?
Father James D. Kenna*

It is evident to any thinking Christian today that the Faith of Jesus and the Apostles is being assailed from all quarters, not the least of which is within. One polarization of this problem emerges as a basic conflict between the Clergy and the Laity. Actually, the conflict lies more in the area of parochial realities, the perception of the meat of the Gospel and the living of it in the day to day world.

The Laity have not so much rejected the kernel of the Faith as they have simply found it unnecessary for a privatized civil religion that espouses the general principles of the good, the true, and the beautiful, of course in their own concept of them. They neither strongly profess unalterable faith in traditional theology, nor do they reject it as untenable in a rational-scientific world. For these who view God as a wrathful judge, and no serious-minded Orthodox should, this belief is a convenient form of fire insurance, but a large proportion of Laity have come to accept the New Testament emphasis on God as the lover of mankind, and they do not feel that the Creator will ultimately commit anyone to

damnation. While acknowledgment of an Almighty is important, specific attitudes are not. Most laymen are not theologically knowledgeable, nor do they care to be, for they have found their psychologized version of religion completely adequate for their needs.

For the average layman, religion is a source of comfort and help. He is a consumer of the Church's love rather than the producer. No matter how well he may fare socially and economically, he lives in a troubled world that bombards him with problems. He needs the Church to comfort him and reassure him that he is doing the best that he can. To the extent that he is a producer of love, it is radiated to his family and friends who sit in the comfortable church-temple next to him. When he reaches beyond this immediate circle, his concern is shown forth in a type of paternalism which takes the form of Church bazaars, rummage sales, regional and national projects, and modest contributions to the poor. In fact, these token expressions are an essential part of his value system, for they reassure him of his own basic goodness.

Herein lies the basis of conflict between clergy and laity: Some clergymen's living and vital theology has moved them beyond the four walls of the church-temple to express God's love and concern for the world, particularly that part of it which surrounds the local religious "community," while the layman comes into the sanctuary of God to seek comfort and escape from the world. Clergy have come to see the Church as the means of salvation of all and for all and the agent that should be challenging the structures of society that lead to injustice in this life, and to utilize the forces of love and political power to bring about a new social order. This development has left the majority of laymen bewildered and, frequently, resentful. For them, the Church is not an agent of change, but rather a definite buffer against it. They have equated cultural mobility with the Faith that enlivens all things, using any given culture only as a vehicle of expression.

Thus, in a very real sense, what has emerged is a house divided. Laity have one "church" - a "church" that they want and need; a "church" largely confined to four walls, their friends, and a salaried comforter. From this "church" they draw love and support, which they pay for with cash and consume it when they need it. But this "church" has become a source of increasing frustration. Their comforter is increasingly telling them that it is high time they change and that they are to become producers of love rather than consumers. But, the frustration for the clergy is equally great, for the old "church" will not free him to enter the new. Where do you fit in this picture? Only an honest evaluation and answer can dispel the death hold this useless misunderstanding has on both clergy and laity, and enable us to get on about our Father's business of converting all nations and teaching them the fonder ways of Zion.

Fr. James D. Kenna is pastor of the St. Anne's Orthodox Catholic Church of Mt. Holly, N.J.

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Power to the People: Revival in Disguise

Brian H. Childs *

"What the world expects of Christians is that Christians should speak out loud and clear, and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could rise in the heart of the simplest man. That they should get away from abstraction and confront the blood stained face history has taken on today. The grouping we need is a grouping of men resolved to speak out clearly and to pay up personally."

Albert Camus

It is time indeed to speak up clearly and openly maintain the revolt and indignation for which Christianity was once known. Because I so strongly believe this, I am disturbed by the "Power To The People" program that is forthcoming. I seriously question the use of

Brian is a Junior B.D. candidate, and a graduate of that bastion of Christian Liberalism, Maryville College.

such a phrase "Power To The People" in what appears to be, by the schedule and list of resource people, a rather socially inactive and more revivalistic program.

I must agree the laity needs motivation almost as much as the clergy. The question is motivation to what. More church members? More church buildings? And, God forbid, more personal testimonies? Our motivation should come from our charge: to participate in the making of the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth. This must mean facing the "blood stained face" and cleaning it. If it is peace of mind that we seek, then I cannot participate. No honest man can remain honest if his desire is peace of mind for himself. Not now. We are too far behind for that.

If this program is a disguised revival I can see why it must be disguised. It surely would be difficult to have a real revival in an academic atmosphere. I can see the participants leaving a revival meeting in an academic institution and feeling like an adolescent boy self-consciously retreating to his room past his parents after his first seduction. But with such a relevant title as "Power To The People" we all can feel tuned in and almost friendly feel like Weathermen assaulting Mayor Daley's Chicago government.

I feel that it is time we looked at what Power To The People must mean to us now and then pay up personally, soulfully but personally. Of course, while we look, our world will rot just a bit more.

* * * * *

Renewal

Cullen Story*

Does the week ahead beckon or threaten? Is it friend or foe? Renewal of laity? That's something. Renewal of seminarians? Wow!

Are we willing to hear that the Word renews the soul (Ps. 19), that the gospel renews the mind when we don the new man in Christ (Eph. 4), that the whole person or "soma" is to be renewed so that it becomes a true home for God's spirit (I Cor. 3)? Do you not know, says Paul, that you are a sanctuary of God? What a question! The verbs are plural, the noun, 'sanctuary,' is singular. Renewal can only be an effective work in you or in me as we sense that together we are God's own, indwelt by his Spirit.

Yet, in renewal we accept not only God's work in us but through us. In a new way we see the other person, the brother for whom Christ died. Like Dostoevsky's Alyosha, the task of renewed witness must haunt us till we sit down with the other person and try again to think through with him the meaning of the cross - how it makes sense in our sophisticated, yet warped and twisted world.

Or like, Dickens! Sidney Carton facing the guillotine in behalf of another, we too may find the power for life and for witness to the other in the Risen One.

Will next week be renewal week? It all depends. . . .

Dr. Story is Assistant Professor of New Testament

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On The Practice of Layman's Sunday

Wayne Knouse*

For some time now, Layman's Sunday has been an annual observance in many denominations. Undoubtedly, the rationale for this practice is both sound and commendable. There is a real need in the church to close the gap between the concepts of ministry as conceived by both

clergy and laity. As I understand it, Layman's Sunday is one attempt among others to do this. By involving lay people in the conduct of worship that day and by focusing upon the role of the laity in the church's ministry, this observance is designed to point up the common ministry which both clergy and laity share as the Laos of God.

However, as is so often the case, what sounds ideal in theory is less than such in practice. There are some real dangers in the practice of a "Layman's Sunday" which might misconstrue the message it is meant to proclaim. For instance, some feel that it has succeeded in truncating the role many laymen feel they have in the conduct of worship. In other words, some have gained the idea that their involvement is limited to this one Sunday of the year when the minister takes a "holiday," as it were, by sitting in the congregation. This can only help to perpetuate the erroneous Protestant notion that worship is a performance enacted by the officiant while the congregation sits idly as a passive audience. In short, this practice, like many others, might aid in the age-old problem of trapping ministry within limits that are narrowly defined and comfortable for both clergy and laity.

Why do we need to organize a special Sunday on which to recognize and involve laymen in worship or ministry? Perhaps a less formal and more subtle approach would achieve the desired goal - like involving lay people in worship frequently and informally through discussion group sermons, through the use of lay readers, or by asking members of the congregation to offer prayers (a practice that works successfully, indeed, is taken for granted, in some churches). Not only should this approach be limited to the context of worship. For the Church is in dire need of recovering in a modern sense Luther's idea of "Christian vocation, in which every Christian sees his daily work as ministry, as worship, as liturgy. Indeed, the practice of Layman's Sunday is something like the practice of Easter. The celebration of the laity's ministry is not to be limited to one Sunday of the year. Rather, it is meant to be worked out, and thus celebrated, daily.

Wayne is a Th.M. candidate, a graduate of St. Andrew's College

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Open Letter to "Power To The People" Conference
Lincoln T. Griswold*

In response to your inquiry regarding my views concerning lay renewal and the role of laymen in the church today, I would suggest the following:

The layman must be permitted to share more completely in the decision-making process as it functions in the church. The pastor who seeks to impose his views on his congregation rather than to encourage the congregation and those leaders whom they elect to wrestle with the problems and opportunities that face the church is not only misusing his position but also undermining the role of the committed layman. Only as laymen see themselves as having a vital and influential part in the process that sets the goals for the church will they have any urgent desire to help implement them.

In order that the involvement of laymen will lead to responsible decisions, it is imperative that the pastor not only be an enabler - encouraging involvement - but also a teacher. He must nurture laymen in the faith, through the reading and preaching of the Word, through private discussions with individual members about the implications of the Scriptures as they bear on contemporary problems, and through small group discussions in which laymen can share the insights they have gained with one another.

All of this is perhaps best described by Paul's phrase, "equipping the saints for the work of ministry" (or, more helpfully in TEV: "to prepare all God's people for the work of Christian service."). The involvement of laymen in decisions and their nurture in Christian growth must bear the fruit of outreach and service or the faith dies and the congregation finds itself on a dead-end street.

(cont. next page)

Because interests and degree of concern always vary from individual to individual, the church can seldom speak with a united voice on controversial issues. However, it should be encouraged to support small groups of concerned and committed members to explore various ways of acting to express their Christian conviction - even when those particular actions may appeal only to a small minority and may even prove disturbing to others. The church should strive to be not so much a homogeneous culture as a heterogeneous family in which we can disagree radically and still be bound to one another by our common love for and commitment to Jesus Christ.

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"Power to the People"

February 23 - 26

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 9

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THE EDITORS

Super Chicken	Steve Deckard	Wayne Frey	Bruce Stuart
Jim Cubie	Larry Dixon	Jim Slicer	Galen Yoder

VIEWPOINT is a fortnightly publication at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is an informal journal of opinion, and welcomes contributions from students, faculty, and administration. Poetry, criticism, essays, letters, commentary, and short stories are all welcome, so long as each contribution expresses a reflective point of view. Material should be submitted, preferably typewritten and double-spaced, to the Office of Student Publications (or the VIEWPOINT box) in the basement of Stuart Hall no later than the Monday preceding the date of issue in which it is to appear. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication, any article submitted. Anonymous articles will not be accepted for publication. The editors assume no responsibility for articles other than their own; neither do the articles herein necessarily reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

OPEN REPLY TO SAGER AND CAMP

Dear Sirs:

The charges you made in your letters to the editor in the last issue of VIEWPOINT were lacking in information and perspective. I wish to reply to the more mature aspects of those letters.

First, you both charge that our editorial policy is biased and that we suppress information. One curious and inescapable restriction of our editorial work is that we cannot print articles we do not receive. The fact is that we have rejected only three articles this school year: one was your chapel service, one was a "liberal" note on the march on Washington, and the third was another chapel service(which was rejected in favor of a poem written in relation to the same occasion). One other article, a critique of Dr. Hick's lecture, was returned to the author for revision, but was never resubmitted. These rejections hardly reflect a bias in editorial policy. We print virtually every article we receive and we will continue to do so as long as they meet our requirements of policy and space.

Second, you criticize us for not publishing your chapel service, a memorial service in tribute to Dr. King. Early in December, the editorial staff decided that no chapel service would be accepted for publication unless it were of unusual worth. The main reason for this decision was that we were receiving too many chapel services and our conversations with various students indicated that they were rarely read and never elicited a response. On the basis of this prior decision, your chapel service was not published. Whether or not it was "...so inferior as to be meaningless..." may be open to question.

You attack us for not mentioning the fact that a service was held in memory of Dr. King. What is the point of our noting that you conducted a service two weeks after it was held? I submit that this is the task of WINESKIN, and even though it was not published during reading and exam period, most people were aware of the fact that a service was being held. In addition to this, you contend that we are answerable to the Association of Black Seminarians for not publishing your tribute to Dr. King, and you feel that black seminarians were not aware of the service since they criticized Dr. McCord for not leading it. In fact, the ABS was aware of your memorial service; most black seminarians apparently chose not to attend. Their criticism of Dr. McCord was directed toward the fact that he did not lead the service, not that a service was not held, and this was only a minor criticism, an aside, in their letter. I suspect that the Association of Black Seminarians is not terribly concerned about our publication of your material.

Your chapel service has been recognized now through our letters, and you have been rewarded for your tribute to Dr. King.

I feel that it was a dime well spent.

Wayne Frey
Editor-in-Chief
VIEWPOINT

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Oedipus was the first to close the generation gap.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SEMINARY INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL PLAYERS ASSOCIATION

As a member of the Brown Hall basketball aggregation I would like to call your attention to the fact that Brown Hall ended the season with an unblemished record, 0 - 4. We feel that there are at least two good reasons for the dismal showing of our squad. First, we were the only team forced by scheduling to play on four consecutive Tuesday nights. All other teams had a week off during their hectic schedule to rest up. The bristling pace of the season was obviously too much for our warriors and by the time the season was over, our men were exhausted. The second reason for our poor record may not be quite so evident to the average basketball player, but after a close analysis of our game films, our coaching staff discovered that our opponents outscored us by a 2:1 ratio. These statistics are bound to curb a team's chances of winning.

Please don't get me wrong, our team had several assets that one cannot afford to overlook: our players were always on time, they didn't swear too much, they dressed neatly, and a large percentage of them showered after every game.

Like all losing teams we are trying to forget the past season and look hopefully to the future. We have several plans to improve our squad. First, we plan to try to draft some of the top college talent like Pete Maravich and Calvin Murphy. Finances do not permit us to offer them huge salaries; however, we can offer them Koinonia and unlimited free seating for their families and friends at all home games. In a second move to strengthen our team we will be holding an eight week summer basketball camp in lovely Steubenville, Ohio. We were forced to scrap our third plan for a better 1971 season on moral principles. We had planned to lure some of the top N.B.A. talent to our team. However, league rules would make it mandatory for these players to sit out one year of competition before being eligible to play. We feel that it would be a crime to take the risks of damaging their careers by forcing them to ride the bench.

I would like to end this brief epistle with a warning to all of the league's players: **WAIT 'TILL NEXT YEAR, WE'LL MOIDER YAH.**

Sincerely,
Terry C. Martinson

P.S. I was somewhat hesitant in turning this article in to VIEWPOINT for fear that many students would miss the theological impact of it.

Terry is a Junior in the B.D. program, a native of Brooklyn, and a graduate of Bethany College where he was an outstanding end on the basketball team.

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A REPLY TO HAL SCHNEEDLER

As a member of VIEWPOINT's Task Force on Priorities I welcomed Hal Schnedler's letter in VIEWPOINT Feb. 20. His willingness to disagree publicly with our article shows a serious concern for the seminary community's Christian character. It is unfortunate that more members of the community have not in the past two years responded publicly to issues raised in VIEWPOINT. Apparently it is the opinion of some that if issues are ignored, they will go away. Thank you, Hal, for your honesty. Let me respond to some of the questions and criticisms that you raised.

First, you ask us to state our motives. Let me state my conception of our motives by referring to the statement "Princeton Seminary as a Christian Community" on p. 135 of the

seminary handbook. "(PTS) is a community which undertakes to order its common life in accordance with the obedience of faith in Jesus Christ our Lord."

As a Christian community the seminary has a responsibility for Christian witness. The type of persons that are chosen to major positions in the seminary is an indication of the community's conception of the Christian gospel. For instance, if Carl F.H. Henry were chosen as the seminary's president, the public could safely assume that the seminary had become more orthodox and evangelical than its present leadership.

The persons that are chosen to be Trustees also indicate our conception of the gospel. The fact cannot be escaped that electing certain men as Trustees indicates a general approval of their activities. As far as I know Hugh Hefner has not been approached to join the Trustees of PTS. What we are saying is that a Christian community to maintain its witness must exclude unacceptable persons from decision making positions. And, when the acceptability of trustees is discussed, as we can be sure it is, then the political and economic policies of that person should be examined. Why, you ask, should the economic policies be examined to determine acceptability? Plainly, because we now all recognize that the Christian gospel has economic and political ramifications. If we took our commitment to this institution's Christian character seriously, we would be at least as careful in examining trustees as we are in choosing Supreme Court Justices.

In the fifth paragraph you state that "on the Board of Trustees many points of view should be represented, but none should be stifled." To me, and I think to you, Hal, this last statement is unacceptable. Would George Wallace be acceptable as a Trustee? Would Madilyn Murray O'Hare be acceptable to you? And if you meant the first half of that statement - "many points of view should be represented," - why are you not supporting us? The Trustees now, the lay members especially, predominantly represent one section of our economic life - big business. Why are you not trying to include such men as Lucius Walker, Jesse Gray, or if he were alive, Norman Thomas?

Third, you commented that "this might be a prelude to a witch hunt." If we nine individuals excluded members of the Board of Trustees at our whim, this would be a witch hunt. This we obviously cannot do. But further, this we do not want to do. Rather in our article we asked - "Are these Trustees acceptable to you?" - that is, are they acceptable to the seminary community as a whole. What we are saying is that the whole community must be involved in choosing those who make policies for this institution - and that if the whole community were involved, then these men, if they engaged in these activities, would not be acceptable. An appeal to the whole community is not a witch hunt, unless, of course, we are all witches.

Finally, the statement at the end of your article - "Thank God all of us here are clean" - seems to imply that you think that we consider ourselves free from all blame while we criticize the Trustees. Now we know, and I am sure that you would agree, that in God's eyes we are all equally sinners. But, we also know that there is, neither historically or biblically, anything wrong with telling someone he is wrong when you think he is wrong. Luther told the Pope he was wrong. Augustine told the Donatists that they were wrong. Jesus told the Pharisees that they were wrong ("whitened sepulchres"). And, lest these comparisons seem too haughty - you, yourself, told us that we were wrong. You acted responsibly as a member of a Christian community. It would have been irresponsible for you not to reply to our letter if you found it in error. Likewise, it would have been irresponsible for us to ignore the activities of the Trustees.

Thank you again for your letter,

Jim Cubie
202 Loetscher Place

Jim is a Middler B.D. candidate, a graduate of Eastern Nazarene College.

RESOLUTION FOR THE BUDGET AND FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE TRUSTEES

Whereas, we conceive Princeton Theological Seminary to be a Christian community, and to have a special responsibility for their Christian witness in this time of social and political crisis, we therefore call upon the Seminary to reexamine the stewardship of its financial resources. We commend the Seminary for the steps which they have taken, but we feel that these steps by themselves are far from adequate. Therefore, we strongly propose the following:

- 1) The immediate release of the Seminary's investment portfolio which is to be made known throughout the Christian community.
- 2) The severance of connections with Manufacturer's Hanover Trust and the transference of the Seminary's economic transactions to a clean bank such as the Freedom National Bank of Harlem.
- 3) A tentative investment policy statement to be publicly released by the Budget and Finance Committee by April 7 for examination by the Christian community.
- 4) The expansion of the Board of Trustees to include students and faculty members as well as other individuals outside the Seminary community who are acceptable by virtue of their demonstrated human involvement. These persons are to be selected by a student referendum to be held sometime this spring.

The VIEWPOINT Task Force on Priorities: Harry Batuyios, Bruce Cameron, Jim Cubie, Craig Dykstra, David Evans, John Gajewski, Hans Vogelaar, Galen Yoder.

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Power To the People - Conclusion or Beginning?

Will Ackles, Alan Chessman, Joel Crosby

As the ripples of "Power To the People" continue to surge out and bound back, we want to express gratitude to all those who participated in the week, and at the same time offer several thoughts.

Concerning the content of the discussion, we were impressed with many of the creative ideas which were presented during the week. The stress on the minister as a player-coach, on seeing his ministry as that of equipping the saints for the work of the ministry, seemed to pervade the week. The church as the people of God at work in the fabric of society focused the work of the minister on this enabling function. The idea of spending time with and working with a few responsive leaders is worthy of thought. And the concern that the minister and laity together "flesh out" the love of God in personal honesty, interpersonal love and societal involvement seemed right on target. We were impressed as the week went on with the unanimity of the resource persons on these issues. Without collusion one after another. black, white, upper, middle, clergy and laity, all stressed the same ideas of discipling men and equipping them to do the work of the church in the world. The death toll of an autocratic ministry rang loud and clear, and we were excited by the new sounds which took its place.

Besides the content, the nature of the interaction which took place this week ought to be noted. The desire on the part of the resource men to be involved with the students in honest interaction struck a responsive chord in many students, and created a real atmosphere of relating. The very fact that the resource men went into the dorms and into apartments, spent time in the commons and sat with students in the cafeteria, said that they

cared about the students as persons. In the light of this caring, the desire to communicate and even the real loneliness of so many of us students stood out plainly. The seminary ought to take note of this interaction and with it note the need that we students have for someone someone to talk to, for someone who cares for us and "fleshes out" this caring by talking, listening, loving.

Throughout the week, to greater or lesser degrees in different men, the attitudes of honesty and teachability stood out. The men who came did not hide their convictions; on the contrary they stated them clearly, but in the tremendous amount of discussion which took place, the fact that they wanted to learn came across also. They desired to talk with those who disagreed with them, and not just to change them but to also learn from them. The interaction was honest because the men were not afraid to admit that they had faults and short-sightedness and desired to learn from us. They failed in some ways, but in being teachable they gave us models to follow.

"Power To the People" has shaken many of us up. It has caused powerful positive and negative reactions. The burden of the ultimate effect of this week on us all is now on our shoulders. If we desire to have our own judgement or prejudices reinforced we will seek out those with whom we agree and build fortresses from which we can throw stones on those that we know are wrong. If we desire to learn and grow, however, we can if we ourselves are teachable. This campus desperately needs communication between those who disagree; that is, honest communication that does not minimize differences but that maximizes understanding. We all can learn from each other, and we all must do so. In so doing we will expand ourselves and start to actualize the one and only visible manifestation of Christianity. "By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." (John 13:35)

The thoughts that we have mentioned above are positive aspects of the week. Besides these we realize that there were many shortcomings. It has been a long time since the differences of opinion on this campus have been brought into the open as clearly as during this week. In the spirit of honest interaction perhaps we can continue the discussions started by "Power To the People." We invite your comments and criticisms that we may learn from each other.

* * * * *

THE BEAUTIFUL UNREASONABLENESS OF REBELLION

Brian H. Childs*

I was suprised at the reaction to an article I wrote in VIEWPOINT concerning my objection to the Power To The People Program. I suppose that I was a bit flattered that some considered my point of view a threat. I was amused that some desire to oppose my point with theological argumentation. There is no contest there - I cannot be so presumptuous as to consider myself theologically able to debate and I never intended to. I am a biblical Christian, but not in the sense that there is a proof text anywhere in the Bible that proves my point. Biblical literalists can prove anything they decide to believe by quoting scripture - my biblical faith rests on the best scholarship I can find. That is why I am here. My real concern as a Christian is with those I love who walk in this world. Because of this I find hope in those men who are unreasonable men. Therefore here is my call for rebellion in the face of power for some people.

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man." (George B. Shaw)

(cont. next page)

The life of a rebel in any organized society has never been easy. Society is developed around the conservative, calm, accepting person who will endure injustice rather than see his stability shaken. Anyone willing to challenge the status quo is viewed by the great moderate masses with at least suspicion and more often hate. In this nation we have elevated the ideal of the clean-cut respectable young man to the position of worship while at the same time relegating the long-haired "kook" to a place of instant mistrust. (I am reminded of a professor of mine who, after seeing the well-scrubbed, pink and healthy faces of "Sing Our 66" participants, said that one thing about these youth was that you could depend upon them - and that was a great danger in a democracy.)

But a rebel is something more than one with long hair. He is a man who in the face of injustice decides to take a stand regardless of the personal consequences. He draws a line beyond which he will not accept further encroachment of his rights or the rights of any other man. Such a stand is not popular, nor is it politic with most people. A man who would rebel must expect ostracization and perhaps violence. He who rebels without expecting this is a fool; he who rebels in the face of it is perhaps also a fool, but he is also a real man and a hero. We are a nation which is hard on its heroes. Our list of martyrs is long.

We now hear calls for moderation. These pleas are valid because of the very real danger that this fat and sassy country of ours could be torn apart by riots at any moment. And the real tragedy is that justification can easily be seen for the terrible frustration that breeds riot: social injustice continues unchecked in the ghetto while billions are being spent to kill non-whites in Asia, to be the first to put (three clean-cut white) men on the moon, and to be the first (kid on our block) to own a supersonic transport. Yes, it may be good that we call for moderation but at the same time a call must be raised to get complacent, middle-class America off its fat, moderate ass and into the area of genuine human involvement.

This will require those of us who are nice, safe, arm chair philosophers (theologians?) to stop talking and start acting. So what can one do? What do we have to work with? Perhaps nothing - but then as that beautiful rebel, Luke, in the movie "Cool Hand Luke" said, "Sometimes nothing can be a real cool hand." We don't have much to work with. The moderates carry all the weight (the weight of inertia) and know how to use it to prevent action. (Power to our moderate church people? Really!)

This is what we as students must learn: how and when to draw personal lines and how to get the guts to speak out when these lines are transgressed, whether by flaming idiots like George Wallace or by decent, moderate America. Rebellion will be painful and lonely, but we can no longer afford not to be individuals. To rebel means to eventually sell out or be killed, but there is a difference between merely existing and really living, and the difference is defined by our actions. The problem must be faced in rebellion itself. You will be broken someday, and when you fall the fool will rejoice; but that may be through fear because he knows that "We shall overcome...someday."

*Brian is a graduate of Maryville College, presently studying in the B.D. program.

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God, Men, and Money: South Africa

Galen Yoder*

This is the first of a series of articles I intend to submit to VIEWPOINT which will deal with the Seminary community's stewardship responsibilities. The idea of disinvestment from South Africa is not new, nor is it extreme. In 1965, the Church and Society Committee of the General Assembly of UPSA dealt with this problem. As the report indicates, it deplores government support of South Africa and calls for complete disinvestment of the

United States government and Presbyterian affiliated institutions having interests in South Africa.

Since the minimal response to this concern represents a "failure of nerve," an honest look at American investment policy in South Africa needs to be made. The United Presbyterian Foundation assists the General Assembly in making economic transactions. Several members of the United Presbyterian Foundation are linked to investments in South Africa. Several individual trustees of the Seminary are also linked to investments in South Africa. Manufacturer's Hanover Trust (the Treasurer of the Seminary) was a part of the \$40 million loan consortium floated to the government of South Africa after the Sharpeville massacre of unarmed Africans - men, women, and children.

United States investment policy in South Africa is demonstrated in the following letter sent to the Princeton University Board of Trustees on April 15, 1968 by the New Jersey Committee on South Africa:

"U.S. investment in southern African strengthens and undergirds the governments and, thereby, the apartheid and 'separate development.'

-Although the U.S. government officially is 'cool' to the South African, various U.S. business and banking executives continue to express confidence in the whites and to counsel continued and increased investment there, eg. Mr. M.P. Higgins of the Norton Company; 'I think South Africa is going to remain a strong country, led by white people.'

-One of South Africa's foremost political leaders revealed the importance of U.S. financial support when he remarked, 'So long as the United States banks and businesses back us, we can go ahead,'

-In 1959-61 large loans were made by U.S. banks to undergird the economy of South Africa after the decline of the mid-1950's. This vote of confidence from the major world power came immediately after the Sharpeville massacre of unarmed African men, women, and children.

-U.S. major banks in consortium continue to provide credits and direct loans to South Africa. These banks, eg. Chase Manhattan and First National City Bank, have refused even to reconsider their policies in spite of repeated overtures and pleas of church, labor, and student organizations.

-An indication of the strategic quality of U.S. support is evidenced in the expensive and extensive public relations campaigns of the South African and Rhodesian governments among American political and financial elites.

-The average net profits of U.S. investment in South Africa rose to 27% per annum in 1964, largely as a result of the profitability of cheap black labor. This rate of profit is almost double the average net profits of all U.S. foreign investments.

"U.S. corporations are not willing to voluntarily forego the high profits derived from cheap labor under the southern African regimes.

-While the U.S. government implicitly has sanctioned the South African government through the prohibition of arms sales, U.S. corporations have moved into South Africa in increasing numbers and have reinvested their profits in expanding operations.

-U.S. companies control the major portion of the oil/petroleum and automobile industries of South Africa. U.S. oil companies are reported to be involved in supplying petrol and, thereby, violating U.N. and U.S. sanctions against the illegal Rhodesian regime.

-Mr. Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange mirrored the attitude of many American companies when he said in 1962, 'The whole western world and all the free nations, of which South Africa and the United

States are two outstanding leaders, will to work together more in the years to come...'

-The United States is the second largest investor in South Africa.

"It is in the economic self-interest of the U.S. to side with the black and multiracial nations of Africa against the racist regimes.

-Of the \$2 billion of U.S. wealth invested in African resources and production, almost two-thirds is invested in the newly independent states who increasingly question the U.S. 'business as usual' policy with the nation which denies these men an equal humanity.

-About 60% of all U.S. sales to Africa are made to the black African nations.

-It is recognized that economic disengagement will mean hardship for some of the non-white population; nevertheless, the African nationalists of these nations have stated their willingness to endure this period of hardship and have requested us to disengage ourselves."

These items should create moral consternation on the part of the Christian community. The Seminary has indicated that its own investment portfolio - to be released soon - is free from investments in South Africa. If this is the case, this does not negate the need for action in regard to the other concerns mentioned in the second paragraph of this article. That a bank with questionable practices should act as the Seminary's Treasurer is singular. A more ethical action would be the advocacy of a clean bank, such as the Freedom National Bank of Harlem.

*Galen himself is not sure of his seminary classification, but he is about a Middler in the B.D. program and a graduate of Goshen College.

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OUR FATHER

Walter Wright *

Our Father, whose presence is everywhere when we are yielded to Thee:

Hallowed be Thy name in our hearts and on our lips;

Thy kingdom come - 'tis man's only hope;

Thy will be done in us and through us as it was done in and through Jesus;

Give us this day our daily bread, and help us to realize our need for spiritual food as well as material;

Forgive us our trespasses - yes, ours, O Lord for there is no greater sinner than the one who thinks he is without sin;

Help us to forgive those who trespass against us - what makes this so hard, O Lord, is that forgiving implies giving.

Lead us not into temptation, but only into Thy light and Thy truth and Thy love;

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Walter is a graduate of Duke University, Temple University, and is presently a Junior in the B.D. program.

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URBAN PLUNGE

Tom Porter*

WHY?

The Urban Plunge was conceived by a group committed to the maxim that theological education at the Seminary should help students develop a life style as well as master certain skills and a certain body of subject matter. We have found one particular life style which seems appropriate for those who would be ministers of the Gospel: important aspects of such a style are openness to one's environment, ability to respond creatively to the environment, and ability to reflect critically on both environment and one's response to it. The Plunge is designed to help each student initiate a process of education for life style.

WHO?

Fourteen students with consultation from Drs. Loder and Shaull and two groups now successively leading plunges in the Seattle and Los Angeles areas, have been working and studying since September trying to develop a viable supplement to the lecture style of theological education. We believe the Plunge and post-Plunge follow up will be such a supplement.

WHEN AND WHERE?

The first Plunge will be held on March 12 at 6:00 P.M. through March 14 at 1:00 P.M. in the Church of the Holy Apostles in New York City. Two Plunges are planned for later this spring.

WHAT?

There will be three contexts comprising the bulk of the Plunge:

Large group is composed of all participants and staff of the Plunge including some resource people from the homosexual community, some ex-convicts, some people from the drug scene. Various programs, films, lectures, celebrations, etc. will be presented in this context.

Small Groups are each composed of about ten persons including a competent small group leader. The purpose of the small groups is to allow each person to verbalize with others and discover the meaning of his experience with urban life and its people.

New York City will be used as a context for brief exploration and involvement in urban life with specific reference to sexuality, violence, and education.

A post-Plunge meeting will be held approximately one week after the Plunge. This will be a time of sharing what changes people have experienced with respect to how they perceive themselves and their world and to seek a context nearby where pursuit of a creative, critical life style is possible.

Registration blanks are available on campus. For more information call Larry Carlson, 921-7236.

*Tom is a Middler B.D. candidate who graduated from the U. of Washington.

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MOVIE REVIEW: EASY RIDER

Harold Schnedler*

Because I knew beforehand the ending of the film, and because I knew it contained some nude scenes (what films don't today?) I went to Easy Rider apprehensive about any objectivity I might bring or any benefit I might receive from it. I went solely for the purpose of

reviewing it. And I left the theater reversed on both counts: the film highly impressed me, and I found it impossible to review in any systematic way. So here follows an unsystematic review, or at least, an unlinear review of a very sophisticated film.

Some guidelines on viewing Easy Rider:

Watching this movie is like reading a Gerard Manley Hopkins poem. The symbolism is highly structured, non-linear, multi-faceted, highly personal. Though some are obvious, even blatant, other symbols are not so - but every object, every person, every event in the film is there for a purpose as certainly as if the film were a painting by Dali. Captain America (the United States?), for example, heads out into the open land toward a festival day which awaits him at the other end, yet his very freedom from the establishment he has left behind is dependent upon the money in his gas tank (were he really free he would not need to depend on money), and his death is directly tied to the gas tank by which he lived (shot in the money). The cemeteries which literally line the road throughout their journey are a commentary upon our society and upon the destiny of all existence, as well as a foreshadowing of America's and Billie's own end. The crucifixion appears numerous times throughout the film, but never the resurrection. I remember parts of a dismembered truck lying on the open prairie like bleached bones, and two quotations on the wall of Mme. Tinkertoy's House of the Blue Lights also pertain to this: "Death only closes a man's reputation and determines it good or bad" and "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

There are other obvious symbols: at the start of the journey Captain America throws away his gold watch (time, structured existence), which has stopped running. We are shown a rusty compass (no more direction, no more fixed center by which to orient one's life) and a faded paperback (a McLuhanesque symbol suggesting the end of the literary age).

But many symbols are not so clear. For instance, inside Mme. Tinkertoy's House of the Blue Lights: why are the walls of this magnificent brothel hung with paintings of the Passion and of Christian martyrs? Is it to say that our real religious experience today is sex? Is it to point out, on a psychological level, all the sexual overtones of Christian liturgy? It is a silent witness to the fact that Christ is still suffering in the world which no longer knows him? All the wisdom of the ages framed in the walls, the quotations from great philosophers: is it to suggest that all the world is only a charnelhouse, that the wisdom of men is folly? Is it to illustrate how the immortal words and insight of inspired men live on in the context of the sordid and the mundane?

One wonders, do the girls who work in that brothel understand the content of those paintings? Do they recognize in them more than ornamental works of art? It raises a good question about the value of the liturgy, music, and artistic statements of faith enshrined in the Christian church.

The two most complex and multi-storied scenes are those in Mme. Tinkertoy's and the graveyard scene. With a pile driver throbbing behind us at about the tempo of a human heart we enter into each of the character's minds. Unfortunately the words are confused, the order fragmentary, and the scenes flashing before our eyes. Captain America breaks down here, and for the first time we realize that he too is tortured spiritually as he is clutching the marble bust sobbing "You never loved me, you never loved me, Mother. I hate you, I hate you!" The prostitute is whining, "I always wanted to be beautiful, I always wanted to be beautiful." We hear one of the prostitutes saying, "I can feel the outside, but I can't feel the inside." The prostitute is trapped between two walls screaming, "Let me out, let me out!" And she is crying "I know you, I know you" to Billie even though they are making love fully clothed.

The whole idea of a sex orgy in a graveyard is significant - it reminds me of the dance of death. It is hell on earth - but a frenzy of pain which is almost pleasant. In fact, herein perhaps lies the tie between the sex act and the Christian martyrs: the common agony -

agony and ecstasy both - which they share. (A credit is due here to Betty Loomer who made this incisive observation.) Herein lies the tie between the nightmare fantasy kaliedoscoped across our senses and the Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, and Ave Maria which seem to be running through our minds.

A number of communities are presented to us in this film. Some of these are free. There is the ranch, where God is respected, human needs are met and fulfilled, peaceful intercourse between races and religions grows in a married life. Captain America pronounces it good: "I mean it! You've got a nice place here. Not everybody can live off the land. You can do your own thing in your own time." There is the hippie commune composed of exiles from the city, a covenant society breeding new people and new values, where God is also worshipped, where all things are shared. Captain America blesses this too: "They'll make it. They'll make it." There are the teenagers, the girls in the restaurant who aren't afraid of an outside way of life, who ask for freedom (a ride, please give us a ride). And there are those which are not free: the blacks living in slums on the outskirts of town; the rednecks who "will fight and kill and maim to prove that they are free;" New Orleans itself, representing the whole materialistic world where people are costumed and masked; the House of the Blue Lights, where religion and sex are indistinguishable, where crudity and great wisdom and beauty are married in the glare of money; and finally the graveyards themselves - the final community where alone all distinctions end, where all roads lead: the community of the dead.

Easy Rider is a very fair film, very objective. No character lacks a major defect; thus the film is true to life. Captain America, who impresses us with his insightful serenity and strength (indeed with authority as though he were the very conscience of America) has an inner flaw, namely, a hangup on his mother (God?) which makes him unable to love. (Throughout the film he is usually apart: at the campfires, where conversation is between Billie and the hitch-hiker, Billy and George; at the hot springs, where he watches from the side while the others frolic and splashes them away.) Billy, whom we are tempted to envy for his simple drives (a fancy meal and a woman are all he needs to feel fulfilled), is racked with defensiveness, impatience, suspicion. George, whose education and connections and position with ACLU empower him with the potential to do much good, is himself racked with compulsive habits, fantasies, alcoholic addiction, and inner chaos. Dominated by his parents, enslaved by his habit, he is the least free while still knowing best of all the characters what freedom means.

The minor characters also have their flaws. The rancher who offers them a meal is unhappy with his ranch and family because they denied him his dream (reaching California). The hitch-hiker is uptight about revealing his name and origin, is exiled from the society of his birth. The Spanish-Americans and blacks are poor, the rednecks narrow and brutal, the prostitutes weary, robbed of self-esteem (I always wanted to be beautiful) and de-humanized (Don't you like me? You paid for me). Because nobody talks much nor reveals much in depth to those around him, loneliness stalks through the film; communication is an effort seldom made.

The incisive scene, the focus of the film, is the first campfire on the return trip from New Orleans. Billy, who wanted and got an expensive meal and a "Mardi-Gras queen" exults, "We made it big!"; and Captain America, who up until now has given no indication why he made the journey, says "No Billie, we blew it." What did he want? What was he seeking when he broke out the LSD? Captain America said "I never wanted to be anything else." Could it be that during his trip in the graveyard he saw what he really was?

*Hal is a middler B.D. candidate, a graduate of the U. of Missouri.
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Earwicker Dreams of Metaphor: A Manifesto

Bruce Stuart

Earwicker fell asleep studying the subjunctive in Greek. "Subjunctive introduced by 'iva' and 'éav'. Subjunctive is subjective, futuristic, expresses purpose. Subjunctive, 'iva,' 'éav,' subjective, futuristic, purpose...." and was soon fast asleep.

bababadalgharaghtakamminarrounnkonnbronntononnerronntuonnthunrovarrnounawnskawntoohoo-
hoordenenthurnuk!

He was dreaming that he was part of the horseman who leapt onto his horse and rode off in all directions. He was reflecting in a decrepit bar, watching specks of light dance on top of his beer while waiting to see if the rest of him would make it back in one piece. And he was dreaming: There is no heaven. There is only the future. I do not exist in the present, or, if I do, the matter is irrelevant or boring. Biography might be interesting, but auto-biography is a senseless boredom thrust upon anyone else by the most tedious outrage.

What is important is the future of the political world. There is no other world than the political world.

Auschwitz, the Blitzkreig, Hiroshima, Dresden - these were the major events in the pre-natal biography of the people and of me. It is these events which have made the age political for the people. The people are condemned to an endless political battle. Ethics are either lost or are the constructs of individuals. But individualism is racism. We may rise as far as poetry, but the lofty heights of religion are denied forever to us. Tell the people that Jesus' ministry was a revolutionary plot to take over the government and you deny the resurrection, for God does not resurrect politicians.

What I want is a transcendent suburb.

Hope lies within the breasts of the black barbarians.

And here, an ax says "chop" into Earwicker's skull, and he wanders off again in five different directions whistling five different melancholy airs, to reunite again only if the street becomes a globe.

Earwicker stretched and was fully awake. What had he been dreaming. What was it?

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DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE OF VIEWPOINT - NOON, MARCH 30, 1970.



WHAT ABOUT THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH U.S.A.?

Hans Vogelaar*

Much has been passed around this campus regarding certain "facts" and "feelings" about PIS trustees and money. I am raising the same sort of questions regarding the management and financing of church money through the United Presbyterian Foundation.

"In 1799 a charter was issued to the Trustees of the General Assembly, authorizing that body to 'receive, hold, and administer...monies, securities, and property' and to pay principal or income for any purpose of the church designated by the donors or the General Assembly." (Handbook for United Presbyterians, p. 58)

This was the beginning of the United Presbyterian Foundation. The Foundation is commissioned to secure greater financial support for the work of the church from resources now seldom made available for the church's program. Funds thus obtained make it possible for the church to carry on work it would not otherwise be able to do.

"Funds received by the Foundation for permanent investment are included in a Combined Trust Fund. This is a 'pooled fund' consisting of high-grade common and preferred stocks and government and corporate bonds. The market value of investments in this fund exceeded \$29,750,000 at the beginning of 1969." (Handbook p.58)

I have done some preliminary study on this board of Trustees and in this article will share with you some pertinent facts regarding their executive affiliations. I will only focus on a few of the most prominent members of the board, sharing some of their own statements of faith and policy. Our church has made numerous investments in our society's corporations. I will briefly examine the nature of some of these corporations. It is my contention that the reader need not hesitate to conclude that the United Presbyterian Church is investing in and richly profiting from war-waging and defense-building industries and corporations in the name of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. Since this is my focus, I will not diverge into trustees and corporations that appear to be "clean". The image of the church is at stake and the ministry of Jesus Christ is being sacrificed for financial gain. You and I are morally responsible for allowing Christ to be crucified over and over this way.

There are within the church bureaucracy several members with tremendous power and influence in our church and in society. Among the forty-two trustees of the General Assembly, several have been chosen for their wide experience in banking, investment, and finance. Having checked on each member's life history and professional affiliation, a few members deserve attention because of their influence and power as chief executives in large U.S. corporations, as well as for their great wealth. Each of them is worth 75 million dollars or more.

J. Howard Pew is a Pennsylvania industrialist and chairman of Sun Oil Co., whose annual sales figure is well over a billion dollars a year. Pew is worth \$75-100 million. His brother, Joseph, is as wealthy. The Pews are among the 150 or more "very rich" in this country. As well as being president of the board of UPP, he is also president of the board of Grove City College. A man of his influence is sure to be a safe addition to the leadership of our church. He is director of Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company of Chester, Pa., which constructs submarine vessel hulls for Lockheed Missiles and Space Corporation as well as the U. S. Navy.

The Christian Century wrote an editorial ("The Uncomfortable Pew") on J. Howard Pew in response to an invitation by Reader's Digest to discuss its May article "Should the Church 'Meddle' in Civil Affairs?" by the above-mentioned industrialist-philan-

thropist. I wish to quote part of this editorial to allow you your own judgement regarding J. Howard Pew's moral character and theological relevance as a religious leader in our church.

The pejorative word 'meddle' in the article's title and the author's reputation as a social and political reactionary immediately satisfy the curiosity of the informed, but to leave no doubt in the minds of the uninformed, Mr. Pew answers his rhetorical questions with a deeply troubled No.

What bothers Mr. Pew is 'a creeping tendency to downgrade the Bible as the infallable Word of God, and...efforts to shift the Church's main thrust from the spiritual to the secular'. Specifically he is distressed by this age's repudiation of biblical legalism as the norm of human behavior; his own church's push 'into fields far outside its God-ordained jurisdiction'; the participation of clergymen in 'such fundamentally secular concerns as federal aid to education, civil rights, urban renewal, the nation's foreign policy, and (their) plugging for such controversial issues as the admission of Red China to the United Nations, disarmament, higher minimum wages, forcible union membership, etc.'

We do not usually review and criticize fantasy, but in this case we cannot ignore the challenge. For Mr. Pew's 'Springboard of Discussion' will be widely quoted as unassailable proof that the church should abandon its crusades for justice in the world and return to things spiritual. Ironically, social conservatives and religious fundamentalists will conclude that Mr. Pew's astounding success in what he calls the secular world somehow enables him to designate for the church its 'God-ordained jurisdiction'...

We said 'fantasy' not in malice but seriously and by design. The world Mr. Pew envisions and the Christian gospel to which he appeals in his defense of monastic, ethereal Christianity exists solely in his and kindred minds and have no basis in reality. Mr. Pew's world is a fragmented one in which the economic, civic, political, and ecclesiastical parts are rigidly isolated from each other and in which the church should address itself only to things ecclesiastical - such as man's internal well-being and his posthistorical destiny. In this compartmentalized world the church becomes a sacred precinct, a religious enclave, a fortress to which men can advance only one by one in attacking the world's injustices. Mr. Pew allows the individual Christian 'to relate his conscience to the problems of the secular society of which he is a part', but if two or three Christians are gathered together to protest collectively the war in Vietnam, racial discrimination in Alabama, exploitation of grape pickers in California, their Christ cannot be in the midst of them....(Editorial in The Christian Century, "The Uncomfortable Pew", May 11, 1966.)

Pew also wrote in his article ("Should The Church 'Meddle' in Civil Affairs?") that no one would deny the pulpit's right to speak out on civil issues where moral and spiritual principles are clearly involved. Which is to imply that poverty, war in Vietnam, disarmament, racism, education, urban renewal, foreign policy, etc., are civil issues with no moral and spiritual significance to speak of.

Carl A. Gerstacker is a well-known individual, especially with many students on today's campuses. The following are his executive positions: Chairman of Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Mich., and director of Dow Corning Co., Chemical Bank & Trust., Midland, Mich., Hartford Fire Insurance Group, National City Bank, Cleveland, Dundee Cement Co., Rollin M. Gerstacker Foundation, National Association on Mental Health, also U. Pardee Foundation, and Manufacturing Chemists Association. He is a trustee of Albion College as well as a trustee of the General Assembly. He is also a member of the International Advisory Committee of Chase Manhattan Bank.

I will again examine a bit of his executive affiliations and viewpoints so that the reader may judge whether or not, if given the power, he or she would accept Carl Gerstacker to the board of our General Assembly.

President Doan replied, "This gets into the reason why we're in it in the first place, and in it now and why we stay in it. We feel that, in the first place, like everyone else, we don't like wars any time. We wish this one would end. But our people are over there, they need the best weapons they can get. This napalm is a good discriminate, strategic weapon, and we feel those folks ought to have it. I think we should say that in back of our judgment to stay there is this kind of thinking: that our country is a democracy, a viable democracy. We believe in its operation. We feel that we must do the things that this country asks of itself. We are individually responsible for the things that happen in this country, this war, and all of it is part of this. As long as we're that kind of government, we should supply the materials that our people need."

Asked about young children indiscriminately getting burned by napalm, Gerstacker answered that such reports are great exaggerations. "If we are indiscriminately and unnecessarily hurting civilian people, this is being done by these half million of our young people who are representative of our whole society, and I just can't believe that of them. We're told by them and by their commanders that they are being very careful, and I have a lot of confidence in our young people and I don't think they are unnecessarily hurting civilians." (I wonder how he is rationalizing his way through the recently discovered massacres plaguing innocent Vietnamese people.)

According to Commonweal, May 30, 1969, "How Now, Dow Jones", Dow Chemical Co. does much better (than napalm) with a number of other products. It produces deadly nerve poisons and herbicides for chemical-biological warfare.

"Tordon" was worth \$45.2 million to Dow in 1967. In the Dow products' catalogue, Tordon sounds as innocent as baby oil: "Tordon herbicide, one of Dow's newest, is used for killing a wide variety of deeprooted perennial herbaceous weeds and woody plants...An important advantage of this herbicide is its safety to grasses. As normally used, grasses are not seriously damaged..."

But Tordon is not exactly the suburban gardener's weapon against dandelions, reports Commonweal. It's a weapon of war...The army is today using Tordon to destroy crops and plants in Vietnam.

And while the Army sprays Dow over Vietnam, Gerstacker chides ministers and priests (to the applause of stockholders) for presuming to "talk to us of peace, of moral decisions, of our nation's heritage".

Prior to 1967, South Vietnam exported \$134 million of rice. In 1968, 800,000 tons had to be imported to feed the people. Crop destruction is exclusively directed at children, elderly, and pregnant and lactating women...the primary U. S. aim - to disable the Vietcong - will not be achieved and our proclaimed secondary aim - to win over the civilian population - is made a hollow mockery. (Commonweal, May 1969) Dow made it public in November of '69 that it ended production of napalm that year. What about Tordon and other deadly weapons? Glory be to God for Dow Chemical Company and Carl A. Gerstacker's moral decisions and steadfastness.

Peter Diewit is a very wealthy Christian, worth \$150-\$200 million. I am mentioning him because he is director of Northwestern Bell Telephone Company in Omaha. Northwestern Bell has prime contracts with A.T.&T. and Western Electric. A.T.&T. control both these companies, and is one of the Federal Government's major source for war supplies. (W. Beverly Murphy, a trustee of Princeton Theological Seminary, is a director on the board of A.T.&T.) Incidentally, UPF owns A.T.&T. stocks and bonds valued at about \$500,000. A.T.&T. with its subsidiaries, carries about \$700 million contract for the war department in 1968. This involved communications systems and satellites. A.T.&T. profits from the war in Vietnam as well as the new ABM system. Certainly the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A. is reconciled to Peter Diewit and A.T.&T. War is profitable business.

Roger Hull is chairman of the board and Chief Executive of Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. He is director of Dun & Bradstreet, Inc. with an annual income of \$250 million. Its product is business information systems, services and sciences. He is also a director of Hart Schaffner and Marx, whose annual sales amount to \$240 million in clothing. He is director of Centennial Insurance Company and a trustee of Atlantic Insurance Company. Roger Hull is a Mississippian and "pulled himself up from his bootstraps" to where he is now. He was interviewed by R. D. Hershey Jr. of the New York Times on January 28, 1968. Responding to the matter of the million dollar investment (by life insurance industries) in slum areas to improve housing and to create jobs, Roger Hull displays the Protestant work ethic proudly by having some reservations about the fact that the housing program will get most of the money: "I believe that job creating enterprises really come closer to getting to the heart of the problem."

Roger Hull and his family own a suburban home in Darien, Connecticut, and an apartment on East 72nd street (In which they live during the winter months). They also own a 1½ acre island on a large Ontario lake on which are one main cabin and three sleeping cabins. Active in the Presbyterian Church, one wonders what type of theology he lives, or at least professes. In 1957, he served as chairman of the executive committee for the Billy Graham Crusade, New York. To quote the New York Times personality portrait of Roger Hull: (January 28, 1968) "He is outspoken, however, in his criticism of some current church practices, particularly what he regards as too much involvement in political affairs.

"Of course a Christian has to participate, but I don't think a small group should be taking a position in the name of the church in an area where they have no competence. All they do is divide and upset the church," he said.

At this point, I want to deal with UPF investments of a portion of its money in war-related industry. In 1968, UPF purchased common stock valued over \$5 million. Among corporations included in these purchases were Chrysler Corporation, Dow Chemical Co., DuPont, Eastman Kodak Co., Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., and other defense related industries. UPF sold or redeemed stocks invested in Ford Motor Co., and General Electric Co. The profit made on Ford Motor stock was \$55,514.02. The profit made on G. E. stock was \$111,107.71. Eastman Kodak Co. carries military contracts with its one billion dollar annual sales figure. All Moody's Industrials Manual could say about Kodak is that it produces "special military items" and does "special defense work".

For purposes of brevity, I will not mention the long list of defense products and defense research of each corporation. The chart below lists some facts and figures that are pertinent to this article. The chart shows the major war-related corporations the United Presbyterian Church has invested its UPF money in, thereby sharing in their ownership (1967). They are likely about the same figures and companies today. One need only check the General Assembly Minutes for the year 1969. From left to right, the chart indicates the number of shares purchased, the name of the industry, the market values and profits, the annual contracts in \$million, and the rank with DOD. The investments specialists on the board know where to invest. (The only bonds included on the chart are those of Honeywell, Inc. Preferred stocks and all other bonds are excluded from this study.)

(Continued on next page)

CHART OF UPCUSA INVESTMENTS IN WAR-RELATED INDUSTRIES

<u># of Shares</u>		<u>Industry</u>	<u>\$ million</u>			
<u>1967</u>	<u>1968</u>		<u>Value 1967</u>	<u>Value 1968</u>	<u>DOD Contracts</u>	<u>Rank with DOD</u>
	6500	Chrysler		\$364,000.00	165	40
2081	6010	Dow Chem	\$181,307.13	\$468,780.00	67	75
800	1700	Dupont	\$126,800.00	\$280,500.00	180	37
3000	4000	Firestone	\$166,500.00	\$236,500.00	61	81
9188	9188	GMC	\$753,416.00	\$727,000.50	625	9
1181	2362	IBM	\$740,487.00	\$744,030.00	195	34
5000	5000	Mobile	\$213,125.00	\$293,750.00	109	56
4000	4000	Standard	\$270,000.00	\$314,500.00	387	30
3213	3213	Texaco	\$266,679.00	\$267,482.25	124	49
		Honeywell	\$167,839.66	\$129,702.80	314	20
6000	6000	Ford M. Co.	\$321,000.00		429	18
1500	1500	G.E.	\$144,000.00		1290	4

My main concern in this study is to show the credibility gap between the ideological and theological position of the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A. and its actual conduct and mentality. In short, to show its hypocrisy. The men of whom I write certainly can't speak for all Presbyterians (even though they pretend to), for they are not elected by popular vote. Nevertheless, they are in position of leadership in the church, directing its policies and programs, and in effect, representing all of its members.

The message of reconciliation in Christ is the main theme of the Confession of 1967. Regardless of how J. Howard Pew and his fellow-trustees feel, Christ came to reconcile men to God and to one another, and he worked through the secular institutions of his day. Just as Jesus "meddled" in civil and political affairs as well as spiritual affairs, so does the official confession of our church call us to reconcile men to God and to one another by working for justice and peace in society.

The members of the church are emissaries of peace and seek the good man in cooperation with powers and authorities in politics, culture, and economics. But they have to fight against pretensions and injustices when these same powers endanger human welfare. Their strength is in their confidence that God's purpose rather than man's schemes will finally prevail...To be reconciled to God is to be sent into the world as his reconciling community...to speak and act in the world's affairs as may be appropriate to the needs of the time...The church is called to bring all men to receive and uphold one another as persons in all relationships of life: in employment, housing, education, leisure, marriage, family, church, and the exercise of political rights. Therefore the church labors for the abolition of all racial discrimination and ministers to those injured by it...Reconciliation among nations becomes peculiarly urgent (to the church) as countries develop nuclear, chemical and biological weapons, diverting their manpower and resources from constructive uses and risking the annihilation of mankind. Although nations may serve God's purposes in history, the church which identifies the sovereignty of any one nation or any one way of life with the cause of God denies the Lordship of Christ and betrays its calling...A church that is indifferent to poverty or evades responsibility in economic affairs, or is open

to one social class only, or expects gratitude for its beneficence makes a mockery of reconciliation and offers no acceptable worship to God...God's redeeming work in Jesus Christ embraces the whole of man's life: social and cultural, economic and political, scientific and technological, individual and corporate." (The Confession of 1967)

Given the above information, all of which is documented and verified, what must we as concerned Christians do? Like the United Church of Christ has done regarding Dow stock, we must demand that the United Presbyterian Church divest herself from partial ownership of corporations which make war and build defense systems. We must set new priorities and redirect our financial resources. Rather than saving our money to gain in profits, we must give of ourselves as Jesus freely gave of himself. There are an immense number of problems in this country and abroad that our resources could and should be focused on. We must demand from the board of trustees of the General Assembly a change of policies and attitudes as a first measure. If policies of investment and attitudes regarding Christian witness in the world are not changed, then Jesus is still hanging from his cross. Then Christ is not being faithfully and responsibly served by our church. If this be the case, we must encourage that such uncompromising members of the board resign from their positions as religious leaders and be replaced with more responsible individuals who dare to lead and represent the church in general.

"We must once again see Jesus in the face of the poor, the hungry, the lonely, the sick and the naked. We must recognize that every cent spent to build a nice, new opulent church building, when it might feed Jesus, is an abomination: that every investment which is for the rich rather than for the poor is false worship.." (Yoder-Frohman, "God, Men, and Money", unpublished paper at P.T.S., 1969)

*Hans is a senior B. D. candidate, a graduate of Hope College.

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CIVIL WAR

Walter Wright*

Conscience, who made thee
The master of my house?
When you stride the floor
I scurry like a mouse.

*Walter is a Junior in the B. D. program, a graduate of Duke and Temple.

* * * * *

SOUTH AFRICA -- WHITHER?

Jan van Arkel*

News and articles about South Africa are published sporadically in the U.S.A. Usually it has a negative tone and very often the goal is to arouse opposition toward a "racist" government. The emphasis is placed on what is not done, or what is done wrong. Very seldom something is said about the positive deeds. I think it is necessary to give some information about S.A. which might help others to understand (not necessarily accept) what is going on in S.A.

(Continued on next page)

Allow me a general remark before I give two quotations. The government policy is that of the separate development of about ten different groups in S.A. But, like in the U.S.A., there exist "attitudes", and things happen which we call "small apartheid", phenomena which goes contrary to a pure form of separate development. These phenomena are sometimes backed by fear, or racist motives and the unfortunate remainders of earlier times. It appears in the behavior of individuals and groups, and because it cannot be justified, it is condemned even in S.A. Unfortunately reports of these things usually reach the outside world as if to say: "this is South Africa". It is not.

What is the intention of the policy of Separate Development? In 1961 the S.A. Prime Minister declared: "The essential condition -- to a stable and prosperous country -- is that racial domination has to be removed. As long as domination of one race over another exists, there will be resistance and unrest. Consequently the solution should be sought by means of a policy which is calculated to eliminate domination in every respect. We do not seek to fight for a solution which will (only) mean our survival as a white race, but what we will seek is a solution which will ensure survival and full development -- politically and economically -- to each of the other racial groups as well, and we are prepared to pay a high price of our earnings, to ensure their future. The moral problem, just like the political problem, is to find a way out of the extremely difficult and complicated situation, caused by the fact that no longer is the black man incapable or undesirous of participation in the control of his destiny."

"We want each of our population groups to control and to govern themselves as in the case with other nations. Then they can cooperate in a commonwealth -- in an economic association with the Republic in all honesty and fairness to secure peace, prosperity and justice for all by means of political independence coupled with economic interdependence.

"I envisage development along the lines similar to that of the (British) Commonwealth. In other words, I perceive the development of a Commonwealth of South Africa, in which the white state and the black states can cooperate together without being joined in a federation and therefore, without being under a central government, but cooperating as separate and independent states. In such an association no state will lord it over the other. They will live rather as good neighbors."

In 1963 the Transkei (a territory more than twice the size of New Jersey and the native land of the Xhosa people) started governing themselves by electing their own Legislative Assembly with Kaizer Matanzima as Chief Minister. The Transkei has been followed on the road to self-government by other territories, the most recent are the Venda Territorial Authority on October 8, 1969 and the Matshangana Territorial Authority on October 15.

The Transkei has an all-black Legislature, made up partly of traditional leaders and partly of members elected on a one-man-one-vote basis. They have their own Civil Service, their own national anthem, their own official language and their own flag. Taxpayers start voting at 18. In a statement of policy in his own legislative assembly Chief Minister Matanzima said int. al.: "The fact of the matter is that South Africa is inhabited not simply by blacks and whites or by a black nation and a white nation. South Africa is inhabited by a white nation of a European origin and by a number of markedly black nations as different from each other in terms of custom, language and culture as the nations of Africa. Surely it is obvious that such a multirational complex calls for different treatment especially since each nation more or less settled its part of South Africa by right of first occupation... We do not wish to see our distinctive identity dissolved into a nondescript and uncertain conglomerate lacking a personality or culture of its own. The Bantu peoples of South Africa... are proud of their heritage."

Of course there are different opinions about these matters, but it is convictions like these which keeps South Africans (of all colors) standing against the antagonism of the world. The antagonists do not want S. A. to seek its own solutions for its peculiar problems, but demand that S. A. accept their solutions. Theological ethics have moved away from universal ethics toward an ethic of the specific situation. In the future it might be necessary to apply this situation ethics in politics and allow it to have an effect on our attitudes towards the political solutions other countries adopted for their particular situation. Africa (and South Africa) is very different from the U.S.A. Let us be careful to judge other countries by comparing it with circumstances and situations in our own.

South Africa has made many faults in the past -- like the U.S.A.-- it is still making them day by day -- like the U.S.A. -- because we are all human beings. I do not think a negative attitude towards S. A. will accomplish much. Antagonism against, and isolation of S. A. is harmful, especially to those who need the most help.

*Jan is a Th.M. candidate from Stellenbosch, C.P., South Africa.

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SOUTH AFRICAN COLD

Mark L. Starr*

On one of those winter nights when the winds sweep the transvaal in mid-July and August, the Bantu buttoned tight their great green coats and stood like shadows lost in woolen caps watching out the night before my door. I could hear them pacing back and forth with heavy boots upon the gravel path as I sank into my steamy tub and thought about the 'apartheid' hate and fear I found throughout this land.

But rather than be bothered by such thoughts I left the black to help the black that night and tried to escape to more pleasant and spiritual realms. Accordingly I settled down in the warm comfort and took up and read a little work of S. Kierkegaard's. Escape, however, I did not as I chanced to read these lines:

"The inner agitation of the heart
understands what remorse insists upon,
that the eleventh hour has come at last." (Purity of Heart, p.40)

And then, as if those words had some great efficacious power, the lights went out.

So alone I sat, wet, vulnerable and nude while the steam began to turn to chill, dank fog and my ease began to turn to apprehension and from apprehension to fear. Then just above me I noticed a glimpse of light prisomed in the frosted glass of a small window and for some reason I yearned towards that window hoping perhaps to find an answer, a reasonable and unalarming explanation. So I rose to the window and as it opened the wind rushed in an chilled my bones and frozen I stood as I heard the sound of boots upon the floor. Then I knew what racists minds must fear each night while waiting out the watch behind the door.

*Mark is a junior B.D. candidate, a graduate of San Diego State College.

* * * * *

I held your head - and watched your tears fall.
I wanted to do something - but had to be satisfied
with wiping them away and holding you.

Carole Zippi*

*Carole is a junior B.D. candidate.

A REVIEW OF ZABRISKIE POINT

James Johnson*

It is getting more difficult to avoid choosing sides. One is either for or against the Revolution and to stand in the middle for very long is to run the risk of being shot both in the face and in the back. Good cowboys always die with their boots on.

Michelangelo Antonioni's latest film Zabriskie Point leaves no doubt as to which side he intends to be included upon. He remarks about the film that "it is a film about America -- America is the true protagonist --the characters are only a pretext." And so, under the pretext of two new actors, Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin, Antonioni seeks to give substance to a vision of what it is to be a contemporary American. If he accomplishes this to the detriment of character development and the traditional rules of screenplay, he also does so to the profit of lucidity in stating that vision.

The plot centers around a more-or-less college student who stumbles into activism and a turned-on young secretary to a corporation boss. The film opens with a scene of a heated and lengthy radical student meeting at which the topic of discussion turns to "Who is willing to die for the Revolution?" Mark stands and says, "I'll die -- but not of boredom." Exit stage left.

During a bust of the college campus, a student is killed and Mark draws a .38 to retaliate by shooting a cop, but before he can get the shot off, someone else fells the policeman. Mark panics anyway and flees to a local airport where he steals a small plane.

Flying over the desert, Mark spots Daria and buzzes her car. She stops -- he lands. Here the course of action is predictable, so they drive to Zabriskie Point about which Mark makes the remark, "It's dead." "All right," is Daria's reply. "let's play a Death Game." They make love in the sand and are joined, in Daria's grass-assisted imagination, by other copulating couples. Says Mark, "I always knew it would be like this."

Daria and Mark paint the stolen plane in gay colors, and Mark takes off to return it, but when he lands he is shot and killed by the police. Daria learns of his death over the car radio and drives to a mountaintop desert resort where her boss is negotiating a multi-million dollar deal. There the incongruity overwhelms her and, again utilizing her supernatural imagination, Daria destroys the resort in a kaleidoscopic and surreal explosion scene which depicts the debris of our lives, from cornflakes to frozen meats, refrigerators to books full of arcane wisdom, and poolside furniture to scraps of ripped bikinis. This scene in itself makes the film worth the trip.

It would be an unfortunate mistake to say that Zabriskie Point gives only a superficial view of American life. Viewed superficially, it yields superficial conclusions. Antonioni utilizes a number of techniques to concretize his points and it is possible to be receptive to this film only if one is willing to give up cherished notions that films should tell stories. Stories tell stories. Films, on the other hand, are films, possessed of uniquely cinematic virtues, and if this is all that one learns from Zabriskie Point it is a lesson worth learning.

The America Antonioni sees is an America loaded with ironies and replete with contradictions. In this sort of a world, it becomes difficult to draw a distinct line between the real and the unreal. After all, which is more real -- discussing a 50-million dollar real estate deal or Daria's imagined destruction of everything her boss symbolizes to her? The question needs no answer once we realize the potential explosiveness and pent-up hostility inherent in a society in which some men are strangers, pariahs disinherited and cast out.

As Daria remarks, "That's the trouble. Nothing's terrible." So Antonioni leaves us with a world sucked dry of value and perhaps of meaning, as if to say in the final scene that the only value is that which man creates himself. The question is: can we?

*James is a graduate of Southwestern College at Memphis, and is presently a junior in the B.D. program.

* * * * *

THREE THOUGHTS ON FUNNY GIRL

Harold Schnedler*

It is real maturity for two people who love each other deeply to be able to admit that they are not good for each other.

The tragedy of the film is, though, that Nick cannot recognize that he is good for Fanny. He is a failure by his own standards, and knows no others. He leaves Fanny because he can no longer provide for her, and thus cannot respect himself as husband and man; he does not realize that he indeed fulfills her greatest need, the only person in her life to have ever done so: to make her feel beautiful.

In a time when collective guilt seems popular, let us think soberly about this thought: that the many movie stars and stage stars whose lives have become tragedies (Marilyn Monroe and Judy Garland are two outstanding examples) have surrendered their souls for us. We, the public, have consumed them, just as surely as did the patrons of the gladiatorial arena consume their stars. True, they net fame and fantastic wealth; so did successful gladiators. But we are speaking not of money, but of lives.

Through movies we, the public, receive new insights into life. We are purged emotionally. We find our identity, while the actors lose theirs, and string out spouse after spouse, analyst after analyst as they careen down life's slope. That is why actors are priests, the paschal lambs of our society, though they may not know it. The fatted scapegoat wandered into the wilderness and died there bearing the sins of a nation. That he did not know what he did did not alter the efficacy of the sacrifice. Nick says to Fanny, "You must go now. The people are waiting." It is the most important line in the movie. She belongs to the people, not to him. Let us remember that next time we enjoy the talent of one whose life is sacrificed to make people smile.

*Hal is a middler from the University of Missouri and is presently our free lance movie critic.

* * * * *

WEIRD IS BEAUTIFUL

TOTAL ECLIPSE

Larry Rinehart*

Shine abundance: a pun dance
As seas accume all Other
Considerations.

our lord, come!

Shine, flame lance, upon chance
And moon night come to Mother
The constellations.

our lord, come!!

Vine, knot-trance, be undone.
Tide, a sundrance for the Sun,
Yield in loveplay: laughing, run.

our lord, come!!!

Wine drunken, dance. The night has nooned.

fear not, it is I

*Larry is a middler B.D. candidate from Gettysburg College.

* * * * *

TOWN HALL MEETING

APRIL 8, 1970 - 7:00 p.m.

AUDITORIUM IN STUDENT CENTER

PROCEDURE FOR MEETING:

There will be six presentations (see proposed docket), given by one or two persons from their respective committee, organization, task force, or group. After the presentation (notice the maximum time imposed) a question-answer period has been docketed to allow for points of clarification, agreement/disagreement, and discussion. At 10:00 p.m. an OPEN FORUM is scheduled to allow for new subjects to be brought into discussion, or for further questions concerning the six docketed presentations.

The meeting will be chaired observing all freedoms of speech for all members of the Seminary Community.

PURPOSE OF MEETING:

The Student Council and some concerned students feel the need for better communications on campus.

1. We observe that the community has been broken into many groups or factions, non-communicative to each other.
2. We observe that many attitudes and opinions (of one faction towards another faction) are based on ignorance, fear and mis-understanding.
3. We observe that many members of the Seminary are not aware of what is being done in different committees or groups, i.e., Association of Black Seminarians, Curriculum Review Committee, or Professional Doctorate Committee.

Hence, we feel that a beginning might start with a TOWN HALL MEETING (with all members of the Seminary attending) where presentations and open discussions can be evaluated with the over-all purpose of creating a community with understanding.

PROPOSED DOCKET

7:00	Call to Order	
	Opening Prayer	
	Opening Addresses:	
	"Community as Brotherhood"	(5 min.)
	Floyd Brady	
	"Community as Involvement in Social Concerns"	(5 min.)
	Dr. Bernhard Anderson	
7:15	<u>Black Studies Program and Educational Reform</u>	
	Presentation: Floyd Brady	(30 min.)
	Question-Answer	(30 min.)
8:15	<u>Curriculum Review</u>	
	Presentation: Dean Nichols and John Poling	(15 min.)
	Question-Answer	(15 min.)
8:45	<u>Presidential Report</u>	
	Dr. McCord	(15 min.)
9:00	Coffee Break	(10 min.)
9:10	<u>Viewpoint Task Force on Priorities</u>	
	Presentation: Galen Yoder and Craig Dykstra	(10 min.)
	Question-Answer	(10 min.)
9:30	<u>Professional Doctorate - M(Div.) & D(Min.)</u>	
	Presentation: Ken Jacobsen and Joel Crosby	(10 min.)
	Question-Answer	(5 min.)
9:45	<u>Plunge</u>	
	Presentation: Tom Porter	(10 min.)
	Question-Answer	(5 min.)
10:00	<u>OPEN FORUM</u>	
	Opportunity for raising questions concerning other aspects of the Seminary Community.	

Please bring this docket to the meeting.

Bob Bardeen
Chairman of the Grievance Committee

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 11

APRIL 17, 1970

IN THIS ISSUE

"I never thought of him that way before" - reflections on St. Joseph....a petition YOU can sign to the Board of Trustees....what are the real needs of South Africa....Hans Vogelar criticised....another something from our Bruce (but not our Cousin Bruce).... how to get arrested without really trying....and poems, poems.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

BEDTIME REFLECTIONS ON JOSEPH.....Carole Zippi
A PETITION TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.....Task Force
THEOLOGY OF TRIAL RACISM - APARTHEID.....Timothy M. Njoya
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.....Terry McGinnity
ESTRANGEMENT, ESPECIALLY METAMORPHICAL, OVERCOME.....Bruce Stuart
1.2.70.2145.. ..Brian H. Childs
EASTER.....Ronald E. Dowell
A LETTER TO PLAINFIELD FROM TRENTON STATE PRISON.....George Merritt, Jr.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Super Chicken
Jim Cubie

Steve Deckard
Larry Dixon

Wayne Frey
Jim Slicer

Bruce Stuart
Galen Yoder

VIEWPOINT is a fortnightly (supposedly) publication at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is an informal journal of opinion, and welcomes contributions from students, faculty, and administration. Poetry, criticism, essays, commentary, and short stories are all welcome so long as each contribution expresses a reflective point of view. Material should be submitted, preferably typewritten and double-spaced, to the Office of Student Publications (or the VIEWPOINT box) in the basement of Stuart Hall no later than the Monday preceding the date of issue in which it is to appear. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication, and article submitted. Anonymous articles will not be accepted for publication. The editors assume no responsibility for articles other than their own; neither do the articles herein necessarily reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Carole Zippi*

No one pays too much attention to St. Joseph. He's the forgotten of the Gospels and tradition. There aren't even many myths about him. We know from the gospels that he was the espoused of Mary, that he was at Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus, that he (along with Mary) found twelve year old Jesus in the Temple. Then he drops out. His age at marriage, at the birth of Christ, and at death is unknown.

But one thing is known: he was a man of tremendous confidence and faith.

Put yourself in his shoes. He is engaged; his fiancée informs him of her pregnancy; he knows he has never had relations with her. Yet his first impulse, his first reaction is to save her embarrassment - by sending her away. Joseph then is told that Mary is still a virgin...and he accepts this information without questions. He doesn't demand proof, doesn't say "I believe you Mary, if you can prove it." He doesn't put her on trial. He is not skeptical, certainly not a cynic. He becomes Mary's protector and provider. This is particularly seen in the trip to Bethlehem.

Joseph loves Mary. And this is at the heart of the matter of love: faith in the loved one. It matters not, here, whether Mary is a virgin. The point is: he accepts her, believes her, trusts her.

Most people today would scoff at him - as an incurable, foolish idealist. Christ at the end of his career - and probably all through it - was considered mad. Don Quixote was seen as mad. He idealized a barmaid, who was even less than a barmaid, and called her Dulcinea - the pure one, the beautiful one. By believing in her she became Dulcinea, she became transfigured.

Unless a wife believes in her husband, husband believes in his wife, marriage is a hell on earth. So also does this hold in children/parent relationships; and so very much does it hold person with person.

There are too many non-Josephs in life; too many people with small minds who construe a person's actions and behaviours in the blackest light, who won't put faith and trust and belief in another person. A man is seen in the company of a woman a few times and they're automatically shoved in bed with one another; a man is seen going in a tavern after work for a beer and he is quickly made a drunkard.

Certain things are our business and certain things are not.

It is not our business to delve into the private life of another. It is our business to help those who need us; the sick, poor, depressed, deprived. It is our business to trust, believe.

The tragedy and sickness of Othello is not Iago. It is that Othello didn't trust Desdemona. The downfall of The Winter's Tale is not that Leontes lost his best friend through his own foolishness, but that he was overcome with jealousy of his wife.

There is no room in life for Othello's or Leontes', no room for people with small, suspicious, evil-thinking minds.

There is inexhaustible room for Christ, Quixote, Joseph - for human beings who live lives of faith, acceptance, love.

* Carole is a Junior who attended Saint Vincent College!

A PETITION TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The following is the text of the petition being circulated by the VIEWPOINT Task Force on Priorities, as announced at the recent Seminary Town Meeting. The signed petition is to be presented to the Board of Trustees at their meeting on May 5, 1970.

This petition can be signed during the coming week (April 20-24) at various locations on campus, or for those not on campus regularly, THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE MAY BE SIGNED and mailed to the Task Force. Signing is open to all members of the Seminary community: students, faculty and staff. Mail to Jack Gajewski, 305 Emmons, 3-A, Princeton (or HH box).

To the Board of Trustees, Princeton Theological Seminary:

We the undersigned conceive Princeton Theological Seminary to be a Christian community and, therefore, to have an incumbent responsibility for Christian witness in the world. We understand such Christian witness to entail social, political and economic activities. Such activities, we feel, must seek to make human life more human for all men, and especially so for those who are often most dehumanized by existing social, political and economic activities: the poor, the alienated, and the disinherited of our world. It is our conviction, therefore, that the Seminary's Christian stewardship, as an economic activity with social and political ramifications, must witness to the humanization of men and society.

We further conceive community membership to include a full voice for each individual in all activities of the community which involve or implicate him. We consider ourselves, by our membership in the community, to be implicated in, and therefore responsible for whatever activities in which the Board of Trustees might engage itself in the name of Princeton Theological Seminary. It is our conviction, therefore, that each member of the Seminary community should have a voice, directly or indirectly, in the decision-making process of the Board.

With these convictions we petition the Board of Trustees to make the following changes in its financial activities and in its structures.

Financial activities:

- release of those securities which evidence shows to be predominately dehumanizing in their corporate or financial activities,
- use of economic and moral persuasion with those corporations found to be dehumanizing, especially if such securities cannot be immediately sold,
- the re-ordering of investment priorities so that social and moral criteria precede financial security and return,
- the active seeking of investment opportunities which respond to the human needs of men and society,
- a reporting of the progress towards implementing these proposals, to be given to the Seminary community before the next Board meeting (10/70).

Trustee activities:

- establishing of channels of direct communications between the Board of Trustees and the total Seminary community,
- incorporation of elected members of the Seminary community as full members of the Board,
- creation of procedures whereby the Seminary community may participate in nominating and electing these members of the Board chosen from outside the Seminary community,
- changing of the necessary by-laws (of the Board) to facilitate these changes,
- a reporting of the progress towards implementing these changes, to be given to the Seminary community before the next Board meeting (10/70).

Signature

Date

THEOLOGY OF TRIAL RACISM - APARTHEID
"...especially to those who need most help."

Timothy M. Njoya*

This is the last phrase of Mr. Jan Van Arkel's article on South Africa which appeared in the April 3, 1970 issue of the VIEWPOINT to which I want to respond.

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY: There was a news item which came over the Associated Press news wires, "The body of Mrs. Julia Lane, 35, of Big Stone Gap, Virginia, was found today entangled in a fence which she and her husband, Ballard Lane had electrified with 110 volts to keep boys out of their tomatoes."

Esther 7:10. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecia."

If the Associated Press were Africans they would have written, "WOMAN KILLED BY HER OWN BARBED WIRE FENCE LIKE A MAN WHO BUILT GALLIENS FOR SOMEONE ELSE AND HANGED ON THEM HIMSELF." A European would have written, "MRS. LANE, HITLER, MUSSOLINI AND ALL MEN OF LIKE MOTIVATION, WHO VALUE TOMATOES RATHER THAN BOYS, WHO PLACE HIGHER VALUE ON MONEY, POSITIONS, RACIAL SUPREMACY... THAN HUMAN BEINGS, WERE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF THEIR DEADLY SELF-INDULGENCE, SELF-ASSERTION, SELF-PRESERVATION AND SITUATION THEOLOGY WHICH SOUGHT TO JUSTIFY THEIR TOMATOISM, NAZISM, SELF-PRESERVATION - APARTHEID."

There is nobody in Africa and the world today who sins because he has not been taught better. Therefore, self-justification is not the cure of wilful sin. All have sinned, even the self-righteous PUBLICAN. Mr. Arkel and his situational theologians should know that we need fellowship with God and with each other beyond the fences and walls and barriers that Christ abolished. Ephesians 2:14-16.

SITUATIONAL THEOLOGY: There is an American underworld from which Mr. Van Arkel could get sympathy on his views on Apartheid in South Africa, and hence I give Mr. Van Arkel the benefit of my ignorance to solicit the approval of Apartheid Christendom of which Africa is not apart. But since the American Civil War, we do know that some Americans have given their lives for the abolition of slavery, racial inequality, oppression, racism and other crimes. The deaths of Abraham Lincoln, John Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Civil Rights Bills are but a few examples of the national price for humane policy. But South Africa has officially pursued a policy of ruinous solidification of the "organized crime" that America and the world want to abolish within and without their boundaries. Both countries began with a common problem but now are moving to opposite directions. They have distinctive social destinies, yet within similar economic goals. The Presbyterian Church in this country, which split on the question of slavery, is now uniting on non-racial basis, and the time when exclusive theology would have been welcomed by the government and the Church is gone and "Christ has made us both one." Mr. Van Arkel's situational theology is making it more difficult for us to cure the illusions of the European immigrants into Africa who believe that they have distinctive characteristics of Christian civilization superior to the African one - racism. If Mr. Van Arkel's Bible were a novel containing white theology, we would not believe in the Phantom Mr. Van Arkel makes of Jesus Christ. We Africans would make another Christ, ONE for the sake of maintaining the spirit of unity that he inspired into our lives, our politics and economics. Such a Christ as opposed to the one manufactured in Johannesburg or Princeton, would continue to influence our conduct and plans of the whole world. He would not be a racial party but would break down the immorality of racial barriers, racial states and racial economies that negate God's kingdom of righteous and human dignity. Since I do not know the official stand of the Seminary on situational ethics I will save my ink for the future.

POLITICAL THEOLOGY: "On African Socialism" (Kenya Session Paper No. 10) guarantees every human being "political equality, social justice, human dignity, freedom of conscience and freedom from exploitation of one man by another." These ideas are contained in the

*Tim is a Middler B.D. candidate, a native of Kenya, and a graduate of St. Paul's Theological College.

organization of African Unity Charter and the United Nations Charter. Africans go ahead to say that no African is free until all people in Africa of all races, religions and colours are free. First and foremost, political independence is the primary thing for which all Africans are committed before they can talk about freedom from disease, ignorance, poverty and Apartheid that are results of political domination. It is after independence that people would start to determine their own structures, administration, education, raising income per capita and its distribution and the administration of such structures.

Consequently, with the 19% of the South African people ruling the whole Republic, with a parliament where 81% of the people have no representation, Apartheid is not the African problem that we would like the world to waste time talking about. Those who fight against Apartheid are as poisonous to the spirit of freedom as those who want to justify Apartheid. Africans are not seeking to sleep with whites in the same bed, have equal salaries and go to the same schools or be in the same churches. SEEK YE FIRST THE POLITICAL FREEDOM AND ALL THESE OTHER THINGS SHALL BE YOURS. The missionaries were in Africa for many years and never recommended training a single African Theologian. Europeans occupied South Africa in 1652 and not a single African has been in the Governing councils. What people (Bantu) want is not Apartheid, medicine, economy, food or the lack of these items. They want to determine their own fate, whether life or death. They desire to have a South African Government where they are free to rule themselves under the system of electrol voting, universal sufrage and a social democracy. Apartheid is a device to undermine all possibilities of ever having a government whose leaders are chosen by all people on the above understanding. Europeans in South Africa do not want a democratic government which advocates equal opportunities for all men irrespective of race in a land where they are the minority. Those who prefer materialism to human beings are asking us to talk about Apartheid, separate development for "those who need most help" while the real problem is the iron umbrella of the European Regime.

APARTHEID THEOLOGY: "There is a critical point at which the doctor performs an incision on the mother when all chances of normal delivery are impossible in order to save the mother and the child or either." The European minority will have to live together with thirteen million Africans or else the above African legend will be applied to the situation - sanctions being only a warning. The Bantu tribes are many, Kenya 60. Tanzania 120. But in South Africa these have been forced into * mini-states of large and petty apartheid in order to kill the idea of national parties and identity found in all independent nations. This kills all the African efforts toward collective bargaining for a plural democracy. Mr. M.C. Botha, the minister of Bantu Administration, spent 39.5 million Rands (one Rand = 1.4 dollars) in the last decade to displace 220,000 Africans from their homelands, which had been declared white areas. The Xhosa are the main reserves for underground miners while the Vendas are reserves for white domestic labour, and example of the inconsistent "separate development." The Transkei experiment which Mr. Van Arkle refers to has been the model of indirect rule recommended earlier by Lord Lugard for the colonial policy in Nigeria and Uganda. Colonial Kenya had such "all black legislatures made up partly of traditional leaders and elected members." My father and many other chiefs in my native land were made victims of indirect rule similare to the one Matanzima heads in Transkei. The Xhosa people, under an insulation of chieftainship, are given pseudo-internal self-government in order to divert their sufferings and grievances to themselves. It is an arbitrary and unjust method of perpetuating colonialism. Mr. Botha's machinery sublimates slavery into the minds of the people for creating a water-tight control of individuals and families by themselves and at the same time keeping the real rulers too far away to be reached by the agony of depravation. The Transkei elections were forced upon one out of 500 people through reference-books and tax system. It is a manipulative machinery of segregated micro-politics supposed to safeguard the African heritage of slavery, obedience and the lack of military power as opposed to the christian civilization for which they are being sacrificed.

Mr. Botha's indirect rule is also implementing the laws that culminated in the 1968 "Prohibition of Political Interference Act," which killed all hopes for the Africans ever becoming free in the near future. The "Coloured heart" that gave another year of life to a white man killed the biological myths of white superiority and the phobia of the chiefs that they are inferior. Another African saying, "The covering of a volcano by its own lava anticipates a stronger eruption," shows Apartheid illusions to be self-destructive. If it does delay the end of the European immigrants' delusions that they have "distinctive characteristics of christian civilization superior to the African ones - racism," it will bring a sudden destruction to millions of people.

Apartheid system does not answer the basic questions why one man recognizes another as a human being, why a communist government or a democratic government recognizes that another exists, and why health, freedom and peace are preferable to illness, slavery and war. We "natives" recognize the dangers of Apartheid, economic disparities and disproportionate militarism. We must go to the root of the whole problem - colonization.

DEPLOYMENT THEOLOGY: Mr. Van Arkle's situational ethics recognizes that "each nation more or less settled its part of South Africa by right of first occupation." Africans were conquered by three things; gun powder, religion and their own under-population. Domestically or externally the American Indians and Africans have to accept the reality of such historical problems of conquest, but we cannot leave it to history for the present solution. Africans demand a radical modernization and change in institutions and advocate the radical modernization of our old ones, while creating new ones. This policy of African socialism is diametrically opposed to apartheid, colonialism, and imperialism, which want to cement tribal factions for the benefit of the European races. To have governments per se, like the South African Republic, negates our African effort to see that all Africans, regardless of their periods of occupation, own the machineries of their own government and maintain and advance social justices within their borders while promoting the interests and image of their own people around the world. African is its own standard and does not look for approval of the above policy from the other continents, but appreciates disapproval of failure to implement such a policy.

There are several discrepancies in Mr. Van Arkle's article which I would like the reader to examine and see whether there is anyone who is really free in South Africa, his kind and the Africans. It is too hard even for the intelligent minds to solve the "South African Quiz" while the only white date available to us has its own contradictions. If we hold Mr. Van Arkle responsible for the national divisions he supports, I doubt whether he has any clue as to the future of the "stable and prosperous country" in his model of "oursurvival as a white race," "Other racial groupings," "white nation and black nations." Could he give us a political rationale as to how these Apartheids stand together against world "antagonism?" Or should we believe in his situational ethics?

Finally there is no political structure or ideology in the world except South Africa where government is determined by right of occupation. The landless, millionaires or cripples have equal rights and opportunities in countries where they are citizens. In a representative stable state there can be a good Irish-American leader but never a good Irish-in-America leading. The latter occupational theory is critical to the question of who belongs to the nation and owns it, Irish, English or Italian. Consequently without a national identity no one hopes to have political or religious stability in a racial Government. Already Apartheid has determined the race which wins the game and carries the chains and which races lose the game and is chained. For these reasons I exhort Mr. Van Arkle and his kind to forget about first occupations and think of themselves as people who have the choice of citizenship anywhere in Africa. If they are afraid of the integrity of African socialism's power of cross-cutting the primordial ethnic barriers they should be more afraid of Christ who destroys such barriers. The African Unity has tried to burn

tribal associations and tribal factions, as in the case of Congo and Nigeria, for the sake of peace and unity. The parochial phenomenas and impulsation of multi-national nation threatens the whole question of human survival, while South Africa could be saved by constitutional pluralism. I encourage Mr. Van Arkle to leave his property, his father and mother and his wife and co-operate with the 350 million Africans who might accomodate him in their continent, even more than the 7 million Europeans who are there today.

Guerilla warfare may not reach the power of those in the world who capitalize on the ex- appropriation of African land, human and natural resources. But all christians united should fight against the ex-appropriation of HUMAN SOUL (SPIRIT) by the deadly claims that Mr. Van Arkle's stand makes on both the Africans and the immigrants of the European stork. HARAMBIIII!!

* * * * *

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Terry McGinnity*

Dear Editor:

Hans Vogelar seems to have done a lot of careful and conscientious research for his article "What About the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A." (April 3rd issue). The facts he presents are interesting, however one evaluates them, and I am better informed for having read it. But I'm going to ask that Hans reconsider one of his major conclusions.

The statement that "we must encourage that such uncompromising members of the board resign" is very close to saying, "There's no room in the Presbyterian Church for people who don't agree with me and my faction." The wording of the Confession of 1967 is general enough that the trustees in question could probably assent to all of it. When you get down to specific issues, they might dissent from the liberal viewpoint - but can't we tolerate dissent in the Presbyterian Church? Must we ask that it be purged? That would be a curious kind of "liberalism."

It is one thing to argue against a man's position. It is another to suggest (however politely) that he should be gotten rid of.

I appreciate Hans' concern for the faithfulness of the Presbyterian Church to the commission of Christ, but we must remember that our polity is democratic. The teachings of Jesus must be interpreted when we apply them to modern problems, and in the absence of a Papal-type authority, those interpretations will differ. Both charity and democracy demand that we tolerate these differences, allow for the sincerity of the dissenter, and remain united in Christ.

* Terry is a Junior B.D. candidate from Villanova University.

* * * * *

Estrangement, Especially Metaphorical, Overcome

Bruce Stuart*

In the dark and muddy, secret heart of each cool wave by, well below each crest, a single trout feathered silently comtemplating copulation and his oneness with the world.

Following an impulse, he snapped quick and the hook caught. No more was he the frivolous fish misbehaving in school. ("Put a worm down Jane's back - no, no, here, give her a grasshopper! Watch her writhe. Ooh!")

He burned with love in the quick of his leap. All the colors flashed on his oil-shiny

*We all know Bruce by now, don't we?!

skin, refracting both the light from the sun and the river's light, thrown back from the ephemeral mirrors of ripples.

"I'm alive," he shouted through the hook baited and bloody mouth, water stinging the wound, "and all the writhing snakes of my being are hissing within my guts: 'It is we who tell you you are alive. We will take your life and make you think it was your will that did it.'"

And when he fell back, it was into a dusty ideology.

It is time for a footnote. Metaphor is always a rewarding way of getting at what people say and write about. Metaphor in culture allows the incorporation of new knowledge, as when saying that God is a clockmaker incorporates a mechanical world view and new scientific knowledge into a culture.

With the information explosion no one metaphor (except, perhaps, explosion - I see I've caught myself) will allow all information to be incorporated into culture. The metaphor of cybernetics is about the best help we have. Man the maching is no longer adequate, nor is man the organism.

Metaphor also is a way of projecting a desire state of being which we at present do not have. We have, virtually, absolute freedom of metaphor, and , with a wealthy, technological society, we are free to reeify any metaphor.

The curcial dramatic tension for our culture, then, is how to allow those groups in our society who are unable to act on their metaphors to reeify their metaphors. The problems, further, is one which reduces all conjecture to idle talk. We have no time to speculate, to grind out inefficient solutions through a sadly inadequate governmental structure. It is cruel to deny anyone the freedom to act on their metaphor and vigorous struggle is the only response until this freedom is acheived.

* * * * *

1.2.70.2145..

Brian H. Childs*

Your days are spent in
Muddy clouded
Puddles
That move like yesterdays
Coffee
Cold in the cup today

Oh, you dream in colors
But they are spit into the
Sink
In the morning

I even saw you,
once,
Stand on the slime
(Your feet were in new shoes)
And think you were on the
Grass
And you theorized to
Me
Of its
Greeness

Fidus Achates,
My spirit,
(My no thing)
Never will you do that
Never will you enter
Here!

* Brian is a Junior B.D. candidate, a grad of Maryville College.

Easter?

Ronald E. Dowell*

The Lord is risen!
He is risen, indeed!

I wish the preacher would get out from behind that
pulpit and do something, or say something;
I'm about to fall asleep.

"Suddenly there was a violent earthquake; and an angel of
the Lord descended from heaven; he came to the stone and rolled
it away."

Wake-up lady, the Lord is risen! Don't snooze; don't
be like the disciples whose spirits were willing but
had weak flesh.

Why don't you and I stand-up, right now, and shout
for all to hear, "He Lives!"

"They hurried away from the tomb in awe and great joy, and
ran to tell the disciples. Suddenly Jesus was in their path."

If he's going to pray, I wish he wouldn't preach, and
if he's going to preach, I wish he wouldn't start with,
"Let us pray,...."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today!
He is risen, indeed!

*Ron is a Junior B.D. candidate, a graduate of California State College at Los Angeles

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A LETTER TO PLAINFIELD FROM TRENTON STATE PRISON

George Merritt, Jr.*

September 8, 1967 is about the best place to start from. The morning of September 8,
1967 I came home at about 9:30 A.M. or there about. Frank told me that the police had
been there looking for me and that they had guns and everything with them.

Now, I knew that the police had been questioning people around that area in connection
with the death of the police officer, John V, Gleason, who was killed on July 16, 1967. I
was so sure that it was about that, that they wanted to see me about that I didn't even
think about the fact that they had guns with them at the time.

You see, there had been one police officer that came by my mother's house some time
before that time to see if anyone in the building knew anything about the beating of this
policeman. I was the only one at home the morning that this police officer came by, so
he and I sat down and he asked me some questions about what I knew about the death of
Gleason. Then he asked me some questions about where I worked at. I later learned that
this officer was Investigator Robert Lee from Union County Prosecutor's Office. Lee and
I talked for a while then he left, before he left he left a phone number there for me or
anyone in the family to call if they knew or remembered anything that might help the police
find the person or persons who participated in the murder of officer Gleason. These are
just about the exact words that Lee used.

To tell the truth of the matter, I was more than a little annoyed at the idea of
having to go down town to the police department just to tell them the same thing that I

*George Merritt is serving a term of life imprisonment. This is his account of how he was
arrested. He has not been out of jail since the events described.

told the Investigator not too long before that. The thought that they, the police, wanted to question me again came to mind because I remembered telling Lee that I worked for the State of New Jersey on a Nike Missile Site and that I was in the New Jersey National Guard. I was thinking that they would think that I would give them more cooperation because of these facts, and they would have been right if I had known anything to tell them.

I told Frank not to worry about it, that as soon as I took a shower and got dressed I would go down to the Police Headquarters and see what they wanted with me. He then told me that Sgt. Smith from the site had called me and said that I should call him back. I took a shower then I called Sgt. Smith. Then I got dressed and went down town to see what the police wanted with me.

About this time my oldest brother came into the house and he also said that the police had been there looking for me. He told me that the police had come into his house with their guns drawn asking for me and asking them, my brother and Frank, if either of them were me. Homer, my brother, said that the police had went all over the house looking for me, to see if I was in the house and hiding from them I guess. Homer then told me that he had been around the corner to talk with a Mr. Linwood Cathcart after the police had left, to see if he, Linwood, could make anything of all this. Homer said that he, Linwood, had talked it over and that Linwood thought that I should run until they could get some lawyers or something together. I really can't remember exactly what Linwood said. I don't know if Linwood knew anything about Gail Madden and Howard Branden being in jail at that time I didn't have any knowledge of that fact either. I told Homer and Frank that I had done nothing to run for and that I wouldn't. I told them not to worry about it that the police only wanted to ask me some questions about the killing probably.

When we got down to the Police Headquarters, Homer and I went inside and Frank stayed outside in the car. I went up to the counter and asked Detective Beck if they, the police, wanted to see me. I never told him my name. He told me to go into the office on my right that maybe they wanted to see me up stairs, ask the Lt. of the watch. Homer took a seat in one of the chairs that they have out front and said that he would wait there until I came back from up stairs. I went into this office and asked this Lt. in uniform if he wanted to see me. He said that he didn't. I went up stairs to the Detective Bureau and met Investigator Mason from the Sheriff's Department (he is a Sgt. now). I told him my name and asked him if they wanted to see me. I said that I had heard that they were by my house looking for me and I wanted to know what they wanted with me. He said that it was very nice of me to drop by to see them. He then asked me to step over to a desk with him.

He took a police record folder from the desk and took a mug shot out of it. He showed me this picture and asked if it was a picture of me. I looked at it and said I guess so. He said, "You have changed a lot since this was taken. I never would have recognized you from this picture."

He then said I place you under arrest for the murder of officer John V. Gleason on July 16, 1967. I was so shocked that I couldn't say anything except to smile and said "You are joking, you have got to be kidding me."

He then read the warrant to me and gave me a copy and he kept one for his records.

Then Mason and another cop, Sanderson, I think, took me into a little room off to the right of the Detective Bureau and we all sat down.

After we were all seated they started to ask me questions about where I was when Gleason was killed. Mason said that I didn't have to worry about anyone hitting me or anything like that. He then said that they, the police, had eight or nine people who said that they had seen me out there beating and stomping on Gleason right along with the rest of them. I don't know who he was talking about when he said them.

We went on like this for maybe an hour to one hour-forty-five minutes. Then he asked me if I would take a lie detector test, I said sure.

We then went down stairs to the court room where the judge read the warrant to me of what I was charged with. And I think he asked me how I pleaded. I am not sure if he asked me this or not, for I was quite shaken up. After that they took me into a little room to see some Doctor.

I was really scared by this time. I could think of nothing but all of the time that I would be out by the time I went to court and get this thing over with. I never at any time had the idea that I could be coming to prison with a life sentence. The thing that's uppermost in my mind was what people would say after knowing that I was mixed up in a thing like this at all. What they would say about me, my mother, sister, and brothers, with me in jail for killing anyone and a cop at that. Still in the back of my mind was the idea that they police would go around to where my brother Joe lived and get this thing straight and then let me go after they found out that I didn't have anything to do with the killing.

The Doctor asked me if I was all right and wanted anything, if any one had hit me or anything like that. I said no, then he gave me a general going over and Mason took two or three pictures of me front, back, and side I think, then they took me to be fingerprinted and after that to the cell block. This really scared me more than anything ever did, including my stint in service. That was the first time I had ever been in jail in my life. In spite of being scared I still was thinking that they would come back there at any moment and say that they had been around and checked out my story and found out that I was telling the truth about where I was and what I was doing when the cop got killed. I layed down on the bench in the cell and ran over in my mind what they would say out at the missile site about all of this. I had told Mason to let them know where I was and what had happened. I never did get around to calling Sgt. Smith. He told me that they already knew what was going on but he did take down the phone number and address and said that they would let them know what had happened. Then I started to think of how long it would take to get this thing over with. If it worked out to where it would take at least a year to get back on the street if I had to stay in jail until the trial was complete. I am afraid that I was like so many other people who think that if you are innocent they just have to let you in the end. After doing four months in here for nothing I don't feel that way any more. I always thought that if you were telling the truth and someone else was telling a lie there were ways that they could find out about it. The way they worked this case it seems that they were helping these people tell lies for the state.

Then they came in to take us to Elizabeth to the county jail. The full realization of just how deep I was in this thing was upon me by now. I still had the idea that it would only be a short time before I would be out of all this. I still had not given up hope of the fact that I had told the police everything that I knew, that they would go out and investigate what I had told them and come back and say that they had made a bad mistake and let me go.

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 12

MAY 1, 1970

IN THIS ISSUE...

...senior fires parting shot before riding into sunrise...poem by Walter Wright...call for political action in 1970...Greek translation contest for Greek lovers...another BS classic story...another HS classic movie review.

NEXT ISSUE

The next and final issue of VIEWPOINT for this year will be published on May 15. The editors hope that it will be centered more around celebration than controversy. We will review any replies to issues raised in this present issue; however, we hope you will feel free to submit poetry, stories, cartoons, humorous reflections on the past year.... Let yourself go! Have a little fun! Submit it to VIEWPOINT.

The Editors

THE CONTRIBUTORS

PARTING SHOTS DEPARTMENT.....Andrew Armstrong
HIGH TIDE.....Walter Wright
STATEMENT BY PPS MORATORIUM COMMITTEE.....
A STUDENT'S ALLEGORY IN DOGGEREL.....Robert Holst
LOVE IN WINTER.....Bruce Stuart
MOVIE REVIEW: GONE WITH THE WIND.....Hal Schnedler

THE EDITORS

	Wayne Frey, Editor-in-Chief	
Jim Cubie	Larry Dixon	Bruce Stuart
Steve Deckard	Jim Slicer	Galen Yoder
	"Super Chicken"	

VIEWPOINT is a student publication at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is an informal journal of opinion, and welcomes contributions from students, faculty, and administration. Poetry, criticism, essays, letters, commentary, and short stories are all welcome, so long as each contribution expresses a reflective point of view. Material should be submitted, preferably typewritten and double-spaced, to the Office of Student Publications (or the VIEWPOINT box) in the basement of Stuart Hall not later than the Monday preceding the date of issue in which it is to appear. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication, any article submitted. Anonymous articles will not be accepted for publication. The editors assume no responsibility for articles other than their own; neither do the articles herein necessarily reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Parting Shots Department

Andrew Armstrong *

I feel a certain sense of guilt in writing this article so late in my Seminary career. I fear that it is another case of "Senior Courage." This is the courage of the small child who shouts epithets at a bully from the safety of his front porch. In the same way graduating seniors often manage to muster up enough courage to criticize the administration only when they are on the way out the door.

However, with some of us it takes nearly the full three years of Seminary to reach the point of mental and personal sophistication to realize that we have been cheated. We have deserted our quest for theological education in our quest for a B.D. It is only when we have the B.D. in our grasp that we realize that much of what we hold is ashes.

In looking back I see that this has been a joint exercise in deception. It would be supremely irresponsible to lay the blame solely at the door of the Seminary. If I had been more responsible to my studies I would be far more knowledgeable than I am today. But I am unfortunately too human. I came to Seminary confused and searching. Instead of knowledge I found mere facts, sterile and masticated, in the classroom.

The central problem as I see it is the conception of the professor. This is a problem which I also found in college. The faculty and administration seems to conceive of a good professor as a man who is able to do good research, contribute significantly to the existing body of knowledge, and finally (in deference to the integrity of the Seminary in this case probably leastly) enhance the reputation of the institution. The students on the other hand see the professors as the conveyors of knowledge. These discrepancies are natural since the students see professors in an entirely different role from that which is observed by the faculty. It is understandable that since students are the least powerful members of the Seminary community they can do least to say about what the primary role of the professor shall be. It is understandable and natural that the role of the professor as an educator is considered to be comparatively unimportant, but I do not feel that it is justifiable.

It amazes me that with all the intellectual power and capacity of the Seminary that we can maintain such outmoded educational techniques as are employed here. The prime example is the lecture. The lecture originated in the Middle Ages when books were rare. It was used as a method of transcription. Today books are numerous and ever since the mimeograph we have had quick and inexpensive copying. Is there some reason that with all this we should maintain the lecture? Even a very slow reader can read twice as fast as a lecturer can speak. Also it is a proven fact that the reader absorbs much more than the listener. Certainly it would be possible for the lecturer to print his lectures so that the students could read them. Then having had additional time to think about the lecture the students could spend the hour raising questions or discussing the material. This may not be the best possible alternative but it is a possible improvement.

This does not mean that the Seminary is devoid of educational leadership. Some professors are sufficiently charismatic or informed of newer educational techniques that they inspire the student by making the knowledge come alive. Of course not all professors are charismatic enough that they can rely on their personalities to effectively communicate knowledge. But there is a great deal of material on education techniques. It is precisely the use of this material that creates the atmosphere of excitement in some classes.

It is certainly important to review curriculum. In a rapidly changing world it is important to examine the goals of theological education. But new wine does not fit in old skins. If we choose to teach new courses with methods which have been outdated for years, we cannot expect any curriculum to meet its intended goals. (continued on next page)

*Andy is a graduate of Michigan State University and almost a graduate of PTS.

But as I have already stated, to hold the faculty and administration solely responsible is irresponsible. Education relies on the faculty's willingness to educate and the students' willingness to learn. Any failure of either party to live up to its part of the bargain is a cop-out of the responsibility to offer constructive and honest criticism. We as students have reneged our responsibility. We have reneged not simply out of fear of the administration but out of the fear that any honest criticism of another necessitates an equally honest criticism of ourselves. If we do not have the courage to face up to the issues as they exist in the Seminary I doubt if we will suddenly acquire the courage to face up to the much more difficult issues as they arise in the church.

* * * * *

HIGH TIDE

Walter Wright*

Dearest Lord, what sweetness
Fills my heart and soul
Whene'er I play the Christian
And not my usual role!

Your love pours in so quickly
When I but do my part
That there must be a vacuum
That usually "fills" my heart!

*Walter is a Junior B.D. candidate from Cape May, New Jersey.

* * * * *

STATEMENT BY PTS MORATORIUM COMMITTEE

April 24, 1970

For seven Fridays from 9:00 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. this committee has conducted and participated in a token noon-time fast and a vigil outside the Seminary Administration building to protest the immoral involvement of the United States in the Republic of Vietnam and the other Indo-China countries. The protest has been peaceful and the participants have invited and encouraged discussion of our views.

The views of this committee concerning the dangerous and gross immorality of the actions of this country in the Indo-China countries, since the period following the Second World War, have been formulated only after careful evaluation of many facts, statements and opinions, including official public documents and open admissions by such officials as President Nixon. The decision to publicly and vocally present the findings of our study, and the study of others, before our fellow citizens is one recognized, even demanded, by the Constitution and Bill of Rights of this country. It is a right and a responsibility we as Christians must continue to exercise. To fail to do so and to submit to current attempts by many in this country, including high government officials, to suppress by means of slander, force, and unconstitutional laws all views which do not coincide with official administration views, is to submit to tyranny and to suicide as a free country. If the time comes when dissent is no longer tolerated or listened to, attempts at violent revolution become viable and responsible actions. We, of the Moratorium Committee, do not feel that that time has arrived, although it is fast approaching.

If a representative government is to work, there must be active participation by all concerned citizens in the political process of that country. If a representative government is to have a meaningful existence, the policies, foreign and domestic, of the government of that nation must reflect the consciousness of the dignity of human life, whether that life be in Vietnam or in Harlem.

WORK FOR PEACE. WORK FOR PEACE CANDIDATES IN 1970

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A STUDENT'S ALLEGORY IN DOGGEREL

Robert Holst *

Εἶχεν Μαριάμ ἀμνὸν
ἀμνων καὶ τέλειον
ὡς χιόνα καὶ λευκόν.

Ὅπου ἔαν Μαριάμ πορευθῆ
ἐκεῖ δὲ ὁ ἀμνὸς καὶ ἔλθῃ.

Καὶ ἐγένετο
σχολῆ δυὸ
συνέρχασθον
ἐφάπαξ μόνον.

Μὴ γένοιτο.
ἦν ἄνομος.
διὰ τοῦτο
αὐτὴ ἐκκλειομένη
Μαριάμ ἐνετταίχθη.

τί ἐστὶ;
μορῖα
παιδίου;

Μὴ δὲ γένοιτο.
ὤτα γίδοτε.
τάχα σημείον.

Ἄρην εἶη
ἢ ἀγάπη.
εἰρήνη ἢ;
ἢ ἐλπίς τῆ;

Καὶ τίς νῦν
παῖς ἐστίν;
εἰ μί;
εἰ σὺ;
ἢ τί;

Win VIEWPOINT's Lingophile of the Year Award! Translate this bit of doggerel and submit it to VIEWPOINT or Bob Holst before May 11. Bob will act as judge. The winner and his translation will appear in the May 15 issue of VIEWPOINT.

1ST PRIZE: FREE! Tom Brian's guided tour of the dormitory towers with lectures on their history!

2ND PRIZE: FREE!! A free trip to Tom's office to look at his artifacts!

3RD PRIZE: FREE!!! A parking ticket autographed by Tom Brian himself!

*Bob is a Th.D. candidate from Concordia Seminary and Graduate School.

Love In Winter

Bruce Stuart

Along the cliff's edge bordering the soccer field the leafless trees looked strange this winter's twilight. Their uppermost multiple branches seemed to be trying to shout to the heavens in spite of their muteness. There were perhaps six or seven such trees, closely crowded together, looking like members of a thick forest. But since on the cliff's edge there was no forest their stance looked all the more lonely still.

Emerging from the road below the field, with the trees now quite invisible in the night, one could sense another strange aspect of this winter's night. The stars were out, silently eloquent and for their part they too were trying to sing. Not a cloud grazed the stars, nor did the not quite full moon block them out with light. Yet in the air was the smell of rain, a smell which the cold was trying to erase or change to the scentless smell of approaching snow. The cold already had struck the leafless trees dumb, as they stood with shivering roots in cold clay at the cliff's edge, witnessed by innumerable stars who had been struck dumb ages before this winter's night.

Two people trodded across the field, one conscious of the stars and the scent of rain, the other excited by being abducted to a boy's room at college for the first time.

"Well not exactly abducted, I guess," she thought. "I came willingly enough. I suppose I should have put up some sort of a fight." The excitement made her giddy and loquacious.

"And Paul, this has been such an interesting day, and all, really. I mean not just the picnic and the cocktail party and all, but even, almost, especially - you know - going to your classes even. Those teachers (oops, professors, I mean) and all, they seemed so smart and interesting and all, you know? Really!"

He had been silent since they had climbed the steps off the street and started across the field. She was irked by his silence. She tried again, "Gosh, and those books of yours. I really don't see how you can mark them all up and all. Really Paul! I mean they look so good when they're just bought. The whole thing made me feel so, I don't know, sort of limited, ah, intellectually, you know?"

"Stupid, you mean?" he asked with a broad smile. She squeezed his arm and leaned her head against it. He was strong and calm and she was so nervous. She wanted to hold on to his arm and feel his body move with jerking steps, jarring her head. He seemed so sure of himself. Here he was doing something that could get him thrown out of school and he was walking right across the field to his dorm. He was so placid.

Yet when he kept glancing about so nervously, she was not sure anymore of how strong or sure of himself he was. She wanted him not to be nervous, but to be strong, placid. Then he looked all the way around, in back of them to make sure no one was following them. It irked her to be as unsure as that.

"Sure is pretty night with the stars and all, huh, Paul."

"Ssh, Nance. We don't want the proctor to hear us."

They had reached the back steps of the dorm, which led up to two heavy doors. He stood her next to the doors. "Stay here, Nancy, luv. Don't make any noise, or, on a night like this, you could shatter the moon." He kissed her as if it were a hasty goodnight kiss of an adolescent with a Mommy or a Daddy waiting in a car nearby. Then he disappeared around the dorm wall.

The suddenness of his kiss and his quick disappearance around the building, not to mention that puzzling remark of his, confused her. She did not like being confused.

(continued)

She also did not like the cold. She was not afraid anymore of the proctor finding them. Instead she had found something in the cold of which to be afraid. She had been talking to ward off that fear, as if, had she remained silent, the cold would have crushed her.

There was a breeze here in the back of the dorm facing the cliff. She stamped her feet softly, and heard her nylons scratching. She allowed the breeze about her skirt to excite her, to ward off her fear of the cold.

They had made love before, only then they had been hurried. It had been in summer, in the evening, at a picnic. They had rushed off to a grove to lie grasping at each other. Fear had reached at her then too, as if it were coming after her very life. She had grasped at him even stronger, to avoid the fear. He shattered her and she flowed and drowned, holding on to him. Yet he had not kissed her when she had wanted a kiss the most. That had irked her. She had cried.

She was sure she loved him, especially when she had her hands around his arm, leaning on him, feeling how strong his arms were. She was mystified by his silence on this winter's night. She was afraid of the cold. She did not need to have another fear of him. She was confused by his glancing about. His skin was taut, felt nervous through his jacket. She did not like being confused and wanted to put her arms around his shoulders. "Why the hell is he taking so damn long?" she thought.

A door somewhere near inside was thrown open. She gasped and tried to withdraw into the shadows even more. She glanced at the moon and cursed its brightness silently. But then she chuckled. As loud as the door had been, the not quite full moon had not shattered.

She had a fleeting moment of wondering whether he would kiss her then, this time, when she would want it most.

The large door clicked open loudly. A head thrust out craning about, looking into the night, lit up by a light in a hall behind it. "How ugly it looked like that," she thought. She snickered and his familiar grin reassured her.

They stepped into a hallway, took a quick walk up a narrow hall with orange carpeting, and walked into a room whose thin brown door was open wide. She felt warm, small, and terribly excited.

He let her in before him, glanced up the hall and shut the door. But as he did so he had the strange sensation that he was shutting himself out, that instead of standing, staring at her now as she looked around the room, he was instead alone in the hall.

It was the same fear he had when he left her to wait. When he had walked down the hall to his room, he had not been afraid so much of being followed by his proctor, as by being followed by his own self. It was that vague fear of being followed and being too afraid to turn around. When he had gotten to his door he even expected to find his own self standing on the other side of it. It was for that reason that he had flung it open not sure whether he wanted to kill that other self or just the fear of it.

He had had to stand there for a few moments, steadying himself, before he rescued her.

He walked up to her now and grasped her around the waist with cold arms. His nose nuzzling into her hair, he smelled its softness. She shook her head slightly and the hair scratched warmly on his face. He knew she was smiling and wanted that smile.

He knew how little a conquest this had been, with the proctor away for the weekend. "The stupid ones are always the best make," he thought.

On the crest of a sigh or shiver he turned her around briskly. Harshly he kissed her, demanding a response again and again, quickly. She responded lusciously, warmly, her hair

brushing about his face. Lips, tongues, chins, cheeks met wildly, waving, rushing, warming, searching. And when they drew back, caged together by each others' arms they basked in feeling the separateness of each others' bodies.

He undressed her lovingly. She fell towards him for love and warmth as he did so. With the falling away of each garment, the act took on the air of ritual.

Paul wanted both to go slowly and be basked by a slow warmth of anticipation and also to hurry and consume. These conflicting heats caused his fingers to fumble, become cold as the clothes grew in a discarded heap on a nearby couch. Her slip discarded descended on the heap like a small white cloud which deflated as it came to rest. Paul grew tired of the ritual and finished it hastily. Then he left her to wait for a second time in the dark as he went to his closet to undress.

She did not want to wait but to lie with him, warm with no fear of cold.

She stood waiting partially standing in the beams of moonlight in the room. Its light turned everything pale and featureless. "Will he think me featureless now," she wondered, standing in the moonlight, waiting.

She stood waiting in the cold, for a cracked window had let in a small breeze that had teased her as he had undressed her. She had not worried about it then for he had been near her, giving her all the warmth needed to overcome any chills.

In the cold she was not quite silent. She had no giddy impulse to talk or even to call to him. She felt she would not have been able to utter any sound to call to him if she wanted to. Here she was now, being attacked by the cold and she wanted to call.

"I don't want to be cold. I'm afraid of the cold," she thought as she stood there, unable to move out of the moonbeams. She stood waiting, listening to the noise of buckles and zippers and clothes sheening off and hangers placed clanking on and off closet bars. These sounds and the imagined warmth from moonbeams comforted her. She stood waiting, cold as the shivering trees on the cliff's edge, until he came to her.

So soon they fell to loving. They forgot the cold outside and did not notice an engulfing bank of clouds obliterating the dumb moon and stars outside like a wave or cliff. It looked like its package of snow was anxious to fall off that cliff and fall dizzily to the earthly cliff and field.

And on the field in a warm room they fell to loving, her fingers searching through his hair like branches and turning his face and neck to goose flesh that looked like so many craters on a placid moon's surface. They loved like on the summer's evening. Only then the love was fresh, exploring. Now they were searching for memories, draped in ritual, of what it had been like before, wanting to recreate it, forgetting the fear that had chased them then. It chased her especially now, faster and faster, despite the warmth. So she clung on harder, hoping he would not stop kissing her.

Nancy's loins generated warmth that filled her whole body as Paul lay by her. He wanted to accept that warmth, to claim it for his own, to lord over it, never letting her know he secretly bowed humbly to it, as now in love he could bow to it.

But like a proud god holding knowledge of fire back from yet unresponding prehistoric men shivering in caves, he ordained only to employ her warmth and not raise it up as another, rival goddess.

Unless he could speak to her of fire with words that betrayed nothing of fire's true nature, he would not humble himself before her. So resolving, Paul made love then fell asleep. Outside it was gently snowing scentlessly in the cold.

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"Then we're through for tonight, huh," Nancy thought. "He's just lying there after all. He's probably asleep by now for all I know, lying there with his hand still caressing my face. God, his fingers are cold. So the cold has won out even here, huh. I guess it's best that way or something. God, I love you, you damn naked glob of clay or moon or I don't know."

She kissed his cold lips, got dressed, and left. She had cried and she felt ashamed of it.

Not too soon afterwards he woke up again, noticing that she had left. "Damn bitch," he croaked. "Fuckin' damn bitch." He lay there remembering, basking now only in reflection. He soon fell asleep for good, soundly.

Outside Nancy walked back across the soccer field toward the steps to the street. Tall street lights still lit the field covered now lightly with snow. Somewhere in the midst of the trees, on the edge of the cliff, the uppermost parts of her shadow lost its way.

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A recent memo from Mr. Herb Anderson to Jack Miller, Editor of Wineskin, began as follows:

"...to the Editor of Winesap..."

* * * * *

A Commentary upon Gone With the Wind

Harold Schnedler *

For those who may wonder why I am reviewing a movie so old, my policy in this work is to explore on paper whatever film I see as soon as I have seen it. Two weeks ago, in Boston, I saw Gone With the Wind (for the third time) and had some thoughts. My date, I and the couple we were with spent two hours discussing it the next day. That is why I am commenting on it at this time.

I was profoundly moved and pleased, listening to the audience's reaction to this film. From many parts of the darkness I heard people crying - as audiences have always done - though this epic film is now 33 years old. And I suddenly realized how long it has been since I have heard an audience cry. There is a lot of anger, a lot of depression, a lot of laughter in contemporary films, but little grief. When Barbara Streisand cries in Funny Girl one feels extremely uncomfortable: one is so unused to genuine tears in the present films. The audience cried in Funny Girl too; perhaps that, more than its delicate treatment of love and sex, is why one person called it "wholesome." Crying is therapeutic, and given the unhealthy attitude of our society I am not at all surprised that though we rage, laugh, and grow despondent we are afraid to cry.

I was moved by the contemporaneity of the film - contemporaneity in the sense that despite what one would expect in a film that old, Gone With the Wind is extremely brutal - indeed perhaps even more brutal in depicting reality than films today. There is little beauty in the carnivorous society of which Scarlet is the embodiment, apart from the persons of Ashley and Melanie, who die, as we see. A civilization built upon the forced labor of human beings before the war and upon Darwinian survival of the fittest afterwards is no place for gentle minds and kindly souls. The brutal scenes of ravaged land, the ghastly vision of thousands of dying soldiers stretched out to parch, without medication, in the doomed churches and railway station, cannot easily be forgotten even though by now such scenes have become cliché. Many small scenes of cruelty become fixed in our memory: the soldier's scream as Dr. Mead saws off his leg, Scarlet coldly purchasing Confederate

*Hal is a Middler from the U. of Missouri.

war prisoners to run her mills, Priscilla's scream of terror as Scarlet strikes her silly, the amazed look of terror and rage in the deserter's face just before Scarlet blows out his brains. Death follows death in this film until, as one girl remarked, "If another person dies I'll scream!" and they do die. Like a fantastic Greek tragedy character after character moves to his or her death because of some fatal flaw. Only Mammy, a towering tribute to the black man's power and endurance, survives unscathed.

But with death following death like hammer strokes in the final scenes, when it is clear only the earth, Tara, survives, not people, there is still room for tears. I will never forget how at that moment when Scarlet flails the dying horse to its knees outside the Tara plantation there was an audible gasp from the audience - which was still shocked by the cruel brutality toward an animal, even after so many visions of dying men.

The film's biggest defect, by contemporary tastes, is its depiction of the southern Negro slave. Either he is utterly witless like Pork and Priscilla, or he is unfailingly faithful to his white master and conscious of his place, like Mammy and Big Sam. Nevertheless, before we be too critical, let us remember two things: 1) that this depiction is accurate historically, even if only partly so, and to efface this part of black history would be tragic even though the film would profit greatly by the black role being rounded out; 2) in a highly romantic (yes, romantic) individualistic age, we cannot conceive how people could so build their lives around a social order. The caste system of American society now is more a product of evolution than of ideal; it may be protected by law but it is not decreed by law as it was then. But we should not be so skeptical as to read our present understanding of human relationships back into those times and to doubt that real love could exist between master and slave, or real hatred between whites of a different caste.

And as for the caste system of the pre-war South, the ideal of chivalry, of noblesse-oblige, casts a weird dialectic across the film: in the same society where a white overseer is forbidden to marry a "white trash" girl, Mrs. O'Hara, representative of the typical plantation mistress, can contract smallpox and die attending the bedside of the same white trash girl she has forbidden her overseer to marry. And Scarlet, raised in an environment where it was unthinkable for a genteel white girl to soil her hand, goes with her sisters into the fields to labor, rather than set the loyal house servants to a work for which they were not designed.

There is a great amount of psychological insight in this film, a whole sordid case history, in fact. Scarlet, who by temperament identifies with her father, hates her own femininity and hates the men whose place she would like to take. And the weak men surrounding her, to enhance their own self-image, swoon over her and seek to attach her to themselves - a hellish arrangement for both. Scarlet, after sucking two husbands dry to forward her own self-interest, at last meets her equal and marries him. He senses her hatred of her role, indulges her forbidden desires, thus freeing her and mastering her at the same time. But Scarlet, projecting all her love (I hesitate to honor with this word what may only be self-centeredness) onto her ideal (Ashley) fails to meet Rhett's basic need - his need to be loved. And in the end, withholding this from him, she castrates him too like all the others, and wins for herself freedom (a divorce) which ironically is not freedom at all, but bondage (to herself). Rhett, meanwhile, turns for love to his daughter. Thus the oedipal thing extends down into the third generation. And the daughter, being spoiled and pampered and loved almost incestuously, will grow up nervous, fearful, and insecure, as the good English nanny points out. Fortunately, lest the whole sordid chain reaction continue on and on, Bonny dies.

And yet, despite the sordid male-female relationships (one wonders what Margaret Mitchell's own life was like) Gone With the Wind contains a very realistic and incisive view of the nature of marriage - a view held, interestingly enough, by the men, not the women. Both Ashley and Rhett (I would think sensibly) look beyond the question of love to the question of compatibility. When Scarlet says to Ashley "You don't love her, you love

me!" his only mistake is in failing to deny or to clarify his feelings toward Scarlet; otherwise his reply is very wise. He says of Melanie, "She is my own flesh and blood, Scarlet. We understand each other." And Rhett too knows how important this is. He tells Scarlet he needs her and she him because "we're two of a kind." In our romantic age, when we tend to feel it is only love that matters in courtship and sex (if even that), it is good to see a solid argument for common sense. Scarlet never could have been happy with Ashley. He would have bound her, she would have destroyed him, and neither would have ever known the other, as Rhett so wisely points out. Unfortunately, Scarlet, perhaps hung up on an unresolved dependency conflict, fails to perceive the truth of his word. To marry according to compatibility seems stupid to her; she must follow her heart (except that way is barred). The fallacy here is her notion that love is something that cannot be willed or directed. She would not admit that she loves Ashley because she wants to love Ashley, and that she does not love Rhett because she does not want to love Rhett. Significantly, it is at those moments when Rhett completely overpowers her will that she allows herself to feel herself in love with him, and it is only when she regains control of her will again that she determines more resolutely to reserve herself for Ashley.

I think we, in our sophisticated age which is really not sophisticated at all, but quite romantic, ought to ask ourselves to what extent a commitment grows out of love, or to what extent love grows out of a joint commitment. And do two people become compatible because of their love, or do they love because of their compatibility? The handling of this central question concerning marriage is what I find peculiarly impressive in Gone With the Wind.

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PEACE
 JUSTICE
 FREEDOM
 LOVE

Do something about it

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 7, NO. 13

MAY 13, 1970

Our editorial staff is without its editor this week in compiling the last issue of VIEWPOINT. Wayne is recovering from delicate brain surgery, and latest word is that he is recovering very well.

At the beginning of the year we were suspicious of The Establishment, in not allowing our publication to be distributed off campus to alumni, evidently, we thought, to avoid upsetting the powerful contributing donor friends. Such, we assumed was the reason for the judicious review potential editors had to go through before being appointed by the administration and faculty committee. We moved quickly to rally around our editor by declaring the entire editorial staff the editor, in order to fend off any potential threats to his job. Regardless of the fact that The Establishment repudiated this policy, it had nothing to worry about. Wayne has taken great pains to keep VIEWPOINT a paper representative of all factions of the student body, as incredulous as that may seem to some. He even took pains to elicit from each of the staff an idea of where they were at on the political spectrum. He has continually pushed to have all student organizations and social bodies to be represented, urging articles to represent groups as much as a Student Association should push to get representatives at its meetings. Wayne is also dedicated to editorial unanimity, not seeking to have his viewpoint dominate the journal. With the exception of one incident, he has maintained ultimate cool, and even then waited over a week to submit his letter criticizing some letters we had gotten. Wayne's a great guy and we hope he continues to improve.

The Editors.

THE EAGLE, MYTH AND CAMBODIA.....Ed Holmes

REACTION TO MAKING OF A COUNTER-CULTURE.....Bruce Stuart

FACTS ABOUT PROJECT EQUALITY.....R. DeGraw & D.Hoge

ORGANIZATIONAL PLAN OF P.T.S.Steering Committee of P.T.S.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER.....Sam Kramer

MANCAO DE UM COVARDE.....Lisa Zobian

Jim Cubie	Larry Dixon	Jim Slicer	Galen Yoder	Editors
Steve Deckard	Wayne Frey	Bruce Stuart	Super Chicken	

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THE EAGLE, MYTH AND CAMBODIA

Ed Holmes*

Are you aware that the eagle has a noticeable place in the symbol system of Judeo-Christian heritage? It has often been used to symbolize resurrection or new life, generosity, or those who stand in the virtues of faith and courage and justice.

Resurrection is inferred from the belief that periodically the eagle would renew both his plumage and youth by soaring near the sun then diving almost suicidely into the water. Both Psalm 103:5 "...thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," and Isaiah 40:31 "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles...." suggest the motif of renewal, youth and strength. Perhaps because of these symbolic inferences our country first chose the eagle as its bird. We have always considered ourselves just, courageous, full of faith and generous. Generous? Why certainly! Legend porports the belief that the eagle, no matter how hungry he was, always left a goodly portion to the camp followers. With only 6% of the world's population the U.S. consumes over 1/2 the world's goods... the rest we leave to the camp followers.

Strangely enough the eagle, like its human counterpart, is a two sided creature. The eagle is sometimes depicted as a bird of prey (look for a picture of an early american eagle symbol and see if the head points toward the claw with the laurel or the claw clutching the arms). In this vein he is a demon whose existence depends upon worldly power and ravished souls. Job (39:28-30) supplies an image of the eagle on high: "On the rock he dwells and makes his home in the fastness of the rocky crag. Thence he spies out the prey; his eyes behold it afar off. His young ones suck up blood; and where the slain are, there he is." or Matthew 24:28: "Wherever the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered together."

Is the U.S., which stands behind the eagle, playing tricks in Cambodia or are we becoming more cognizant of her true nature? Has not her blood stained history of imperialism born ample witness to her predatory nature or must we ourselves be eaten alive by an inner pestilence of blindness.

Call a spade a spade or an eagle an eagle, Nixon! We're not in Cambodia like we're not in Viet-Nam to make the world "safe for democracy" but to extend our reign of control beyond our own precarious nest. Unfortunately that seems to be the only way the Americal eagle can survive....

*Ed is a senior B.D. from Seattle.

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A Disposable, but Timely Reaction
to The Making of a Counter-Culture

Bruce Stuart*

If Roszak is correct, this last weekend in Washington - the political (albeit directionless and probably effete) Woodstock - was the harbinger of a new direction in our culture; youth mobilizing to change society. Hardly insignificant is the formation of the Movement for a New Congress. Around here, we have really been hopping in ways which have brought novelties ne'er before witnessed, including the forced debate with the Board of Trustees, and three Seminary community meetings which have resulted in a great deal of action, most of which may be too late. We are all up in arms over the constitutional crisis of the Cambodian invasion, although none of us considered ourselves constitutional experts two weeks ago. We are concerned about the huge lobbying power which the military-industrial complex means. The leaders of the protest, surely, are acutely aware of the suffering that the invasion means for those who face not war - they've known that for several years - but the horrible onslaught of an American attack, an attack so embarrassingly brutal by its very nature, its initiators scramble for the most innocuous of epithets to name it.

But there is another side to the development of Roszak's youth as the social class to remake the culture. The class to remake the culture, he points out, can no longer be the workers, because they are now quite wealthy and respectable. No doubt the university does serve the economic end, as he suggests, by cooling the economy, keeping, as it does, a significant number of people out of the labor market (which is the reason a university strike has power). No doubt the university has replaced the factory as the arena for making over the culture "for the good, the true, the beautiful." (p. 41, Anchor Books edition.) No doubt youth is a significant factor. No doubt the technocracy is a significant factor, depending as it does on huge think-tanks like IDA.

But the technocracy, while it alienates certain sectors, i.e. middle class youth, into a counter culture, it casts a certain spirit on the rest of the culture. Why is it that critics like Roszak avoid dealing with something several novelists have already recognized, like William Burgess and Gunther Grass? The spirit of post-World War II, Western Civilization arises out of the lower-middle class who depend for their livelihood and worldview upon the technocracy. They see themselves living in a world of force, where one can trust no one. The effect of organized, established religion stops on the doorsteps of the lower-middle class. When youth tries to escape this culture, the result is not going to university, but the suicides of Joan Fox and Craig Badiali, urging, as they leave peace and brotherhood in their lower-middle class town of Blackwood, N.J., after a Moratorium demonstration at nearby Glassboro State Teachers College.

(cont. on next page)

*Bruce is from Lafayette College and is a concerned junior.

An example of a great gain in this class' world situation is one Dick Sindall told me Sunday. A few years ago, the adoption of disposable cans and no return bottles - something which the consumer never really needed, evidently - allowed the increasing by three-fold of profits on commission sales. What a difference this made in terms of the income levels for the workers! This was a significant event in their lives! How ironic and precise that throw-away cans should become the symbol of the ecological protests mounted this spring and of the economic boycott of soda sold in such cans and bottles, started a short while ago at Bucknell's Economics Department.

IDA was liberated last week, but the Jackson Five were on Ed Sullivan Sunday night. The mindless spirit of anti-culture, a product of the lower-middle class culture, reigns and is wealthy. And it is beginning, finally, to fight back. Friday, a group of 300 construction workers attacked a group of peace demonstrators on Wall Street, and overran a college campus further uptown. The police knew about it well before-hand and did nothing. Earlier this semester I wrote a scenario about millions of Indians invading, on horseback, New York city, riding past symbols of major epics in Western Civilization literature and films, all the symbols devoid of their awful beauty and become mere ornaments to an absurd story line. (Matt Dillon, et. al. were in charge of defending the place.) I had no idea it would all happen so soon. Such is either a harbinger or a confirmation of the arrival of American Fascism. Talk at the peace rally in Washington this weekend included serious considerations of whether a de facto military coup rules our country.

But the fact that the military dictates policy in Washington may even be a side issue when the problem of our culture is looked at by focusing on the primacy of the lower-middle class. If, then, our primary problem is not military dictated policy in Washington, not pollution, not even injustice in the courts (Bobby Lee Williams was convicted last Thursday) the group who has the problem properly in focus is the Black Panthers, attacking as they do the real heart of the problem of our civilization and the essence of the spirit of the reigning lower-middle class: "mother fuckin' racism." But the spirit providing the new direction away from it all may still be Roszak's ebullent, joy-needing, enjoyment-demanding youth.

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FACTS ABOUT PROJECT EQUALITY

Richard G. DeGraw and Dean R. Hoge*

WHAT IS PROJECT EQUALITY?

It is an interreligious program to help end racial discrimination in employment in our nation. To accomplish this it helps organize churches and church-related institutions in their purchasing practices, favoring those suppliers who meet certain equal employment standards.

*Richard is a Middler from Westminster College and Dean is Instructor in Christianity and Society.

WHAT IS ITS EXPERIENCE SO FAR?

It was begun by the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice in 1965. Now it is organized on a state-by-state basis, with a central council office in Chicago. New Jersey was the eighteenth state to organize a Project Equality office, which opened its doors in June 1969. For its executive director the New Jersey office hired the executive director of the Project Equality of Connecticut, Mr. James S. Henderson, Jr., a Black professional originally from Alabama. As of early 1970 Project Equality is organized in twenty states. In New Jersey the sponsoring groups are the two Episcopal dioceses, the New Jersey Baptist Convention, the N.J. Synod of the Lutheran Church in America, the five Roman Catholic dioceses, both United Methodist conferences, the N.J. Synod of the Reformed Church in America, and the N.J. Council of Churches. No Presbyterian churches or presbyteries are members in New Jersey except for one church, First Presbyterian Church, Nassau Street, Princeton.

The results in New Jersey are as yet meager, but in Connecticut within the first two years Project Equality was instrumental in gaining 1607 new jobs for non-whites at all professional and occupational levels. This amounted to about a 50% increase in the industries involved. Major gains were in the insurance and printing companies.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

All congregations, church offices, and institutions pledge (a) to meet equal employment opportunity standards themselves and (b) to enroll their suppliers in the Project Equality Buyers' Guide. Enrollment in the Guide requires that the supplier send a report indicating satisfactory equal employment practices to the Newark Project Equality office and sign a statement permitting investigation at any time by the Project Equality staff. The Buyers' Guide is a sort of "yellow pages" for church purchases. In April 1970 the second edition of the New Jersey Buyers' Guide came off the press. It is still rather thin and in need of much enlargement before it has adequate numbers of suppliers of all churchly needs - from fuel oil to paper to insurance - in all parts of New Jersey. All member churches receive the Buyers' Guide after each printing.

The member organizations supply yearly contributions to support the state Project Equality office. At present this office has three staff persons, but it has plans to expand as soon as possible. The future plans of Project Equality are to move into the areas of construction, banking, finance, and real estate. At present it stresses the month-to-month purchases of member churches.

IS THIS A UNIQUE PROGRAM?

This program is similar to that officially followed by the federal government in its purchases. In actuality the federal government has not enforced its equal employment clauses very well. Notable the area of defense purchases has not been enforced. The standards upheld by Project Equality are roughly the same as those of the federal government.

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HOW DOES THIS RELATE TO US AT P.T.S.?

The student-faculty Committee on Community Responsibility is discussing the possibility of enrolling the seminary as a member of Project Equality of New Jersey. Also an educational program is underway to acquaint all clergymen in the state with the program. Several major religious groups, including the Presbyterians, are not yet participating members, and in other denominations the cooperation on the local level remains incomplete. The writers of this report support Project Equality. Any members of the Committee on Community Responsibility can furnish more detailed information.

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ORGANIZATIONAL PLAN OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY*

1. The concept of the Princeton Seminary Community will be the principle of organization. The chief function of the Princeton Seminary Community will not be to legislate the Seminary, but to facilitate communication and trust between all persons and groups in order to help the Seminary to achieve a better sense of Christian community. All groups of the Seminary are plugged into the Princeton Seminary Community and thereby into one another.

The Princeton Seminary Community includes the Students, Spouses, Faculty, Trustees, Administration, Administrative Staff, Employees, and Alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary. The Princeton Seminary Community will meet monthly during the academic year, in the form of a semi-administrative body to hear reports of the above mentioned groups, and to propose and forward, to the appropriate legislative bodies, any issues that might proceed from that meeting. It will also hear and forward any grievances that may arise from any group or individual. The agenda will be set by the officers of the Student Council in consultation with the leaders of all groups. Any twenty five members of the Community will be able to call a special meeting by petitioning the Student Council.

2. Student Body - The student body will organize itself through the Student Council. The student body will also elect representatives each year to be voting members of the Faculty, and Board of Trustees, and Executive Council of the Faculty. The student body will either adopt a new constitution or amend the former constitution in order to implement these organization changes.

3. The Faculty - The current General Faculty and Senior Faculty shall be merged. In addition it shall include some duly elected students. The Faculty Council shall become the Executive Council, and will include duly elected students as well as members of the Faculty. In addition to its current function in regard to promotion of Faculty members, it will set the docket for all Faculty meetings. Also, an amendment should be made to B.7 of the

*This plan is endorsed by the Steering Committee of the Princeton Seminary Community.

By-Laws of the Faculty so as to include "the capability of communicating with the Students."

Faculty Seminars will be called bi-monthly to discuss academic affairs, and Faculty-Student Forums will be called bi-monthly to discuss issues of joint concern. These will be chaired by a duly elected member of the Faculty. The instructional faculty will meet upon the call of the Dean of Academic Affairs to discuss academic issues coming before the Faculty. The instructional faculty shall not be an administrative body.

4. President - The President of the Seminary will continue to carry out his current functions except where altered by the new organizational plan.

5. The Administration - The Administration will continue to perform their duties except where altered by the new organizational plan.

6. The Administrative Staff is encouraged to organize itself into a group in order to be better represented in the Princeton Seminary Community and at its meetings.

7. Employees - Ibid.

8. The Alumni Association is requested to be represented by an elected official at the monthly meetings of the Princeton Seminary Community.

9. Board of Trustees - Duly elected students representatives shall participate in the reorganization of the Board as well as becoming members of the reorganized Board.

10. The Doctoral Studies Program shall keep the same organizational plan until amended.

11. A lawyer hired by Princeton Theological Seminary shall be present at all meetings of the Princeton Seminary Community in order that the legal aspects of any issue might be clarified.

* * * * *

This is a note of explanation regarding the submission of the following poem by Sam Kramer. Kramer has been the night janitor in the library during this past year, and has been popular with the staff and many students. Because of his retired status, the government has said he can no longer work here and still draw retirement benefits. Therefore today is his last day of employment with the Seminary. He wrote the enclosed poem, and gave it to his supervisor at the library. Several of the staff have seen it and sent it to VIEWPOINT so it would receive a wider audience.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER

Sam Kramer

There's an Old-Speer-Library on the hill
With a foreman by the name of Bill;
He has two men under his command:
Good-guy Jeff and Old Man Sam.

And there's that good guy across the street
This same fellow I seldom do meet.
I understand they name him Tom,
But his first stop at the library is the men's john.

The birds and bees will soon be found
and Spring is close at hand.
But Poor Old Sam will not be around
To clean the classrooms of their sand.
And all these good fellows I will miss,
For Old Sam did bring some liveliness.

In Bill's office on the basement floor,
When Sam turns his keys no more,
No more will Old Sam SHINE
When they all miss that bottle of wine.

But Old Sam never forgets his friends;
His good friendship never ends.
In this year of 1970
I wish you all full and plenty.

* * * * *

Cancao de Um Covarde

Lisa Zobian*

Ask me my name and i'll reply by a smile,
Ask me my age and i'll point out the moon,
Ask me to dance and i'll laugh and go with you...
But never
Please don't
Ask me to love you.

*Lisa is the faculty secretary.



